T A CUTTING

The Campbell Press

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Current Comment
By R. H. K.

The opinions (if any) expressed herein, are not necessarily those of The Campbell Press.

The highly-touted "culture" and civilization of western Europe presents, in many of its aspects, a pretty sorry picture. Particularly is this true when the spectator views this culture under the cold light of reason and with none of its adherents about to cloud the picture with sentimentalism and shouts of "tradition."

Innumerable situations to prove my point have risen in western Europe within the past several years, but the event leading to this outburst was the repetition of a scene enacted a great many times since the French revolution. I refer to the very recent public execution of a convicted murderer, which occurred before a morbid crowd on the sidewalk in front of St. Pierre prison in Paris. And the instrument of death was the guillotine, most barbaric remnant of a barbaric age.

Pictures of the execution in all its ghastly details appeared in last week's *Life* magazine, and were enough to turn one's stomach. The falling knife, the exact moment of decapitation, and rivers of blood on the sidewalk! What then of the people who willingly stand about to witness the horrible affair from beginning to end? What price "culture" in Paris?

The taking of forbidden pictures brought a presidential edict against future public executions, but the bloody practice of decapitation will continue. It is "humane" enough, apparently, but it smacks too much of the torture chamber to fit into the picture of a highly advanced civilization.

All executions are horrible, but the one that spills several quarts of human blood about the landscape is the most horrible of all.

In "The Farmer's Corner," this week's Press, Ralph H. Taylor, executive secretary of the Agricultural Council of California, attempts to toss off John Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath" as a vulgar bit of sensationalism designed for the consumption of the gullible and dirty-minded.

Mr. Taylor frequently fails to see eye to eye with your correspondent, but usually I say nothing about it. This, however, calls for mild rebuke—mild only because I believe the Secretary's opinion carries little enough weight to defeat its own purpose.

While he accuses Steinbeck of distorting the facts, he does a pretty good job of distorting the facts of the book himself, and it is this distortion of the Los Gatan's intent to which I'd like to call your attention. (I do not propose to enter into any other argument with Taylor however, for such argument would be fruitless in face of the fact that the Secretary has but one opinion, and would speedily lose his job if he entertained any other.)

1. ". . . attests the credulity of that segment of it (reading public) which spends the cocktail hour daintily sipping 50-cent drinks. . . " Well, I personally know a lot of people, some of them native Californians with a fair enough picture of the situation with which the book deals, who give the story considerable credence, and I doubt if any of them ever paid four bits for a drink. In fact, most of them don't drink at all.

2." . . . it is raw, indeed!" Here the critic refers to the language employed by some of the characters in the book. Steinbeck was making people live in his story, and people are wont to use strong language. And the closer people are to the strata of the underprivileged, the stronger the language is apt to be. Mr. Taylor is old enough to know that "The Grapes of Wrath" was never intended for a tract, and is only as filthy as the mind that consumes it.

The fifth paragraph, which is too long to quote, is such distortion that you'll have to read the book yourself to see how great it really is.

3. " . . . 'Oakies' (that's the book's term, not ours) . . ." This is an attempt to discredit Steinbeck with the coining the word, while everyone who lives in an agricultural community knows that California generally is responsible for the term (and the term is quite common in the Sacramento region).

4. " . . . California's 'great land owners' (that's Mr. Steibeck's term for farmers!) . . ." That is distinctly not Mr. Steinbeck's term for farmers! He makes a distinction between the "little" farmer and the "big" farmer. Where the "little fellow" enters the story it is interesting to note that Steinbeck vests him with generosity, kindness, and understanding, and a desire to do his very best in the matter of wages, et cetera. And here let us digress to follow this thing up: I know, from personal conversations with a good many "small" farmers, that they are nearly 100 per cent willing and eager to pay all the wages the traffic will bear. They have told me that they "hated to pay less than 45 cents an hour, because a man can hardly feed his family on less"—and these "small" farmers are themselves close enough to the earth to appreciate the troubles of the migratory worker. The farmers around Campbell, practically without exception 'small" farmers, pay, I'll venture to say, better average wages than the "great land owners" of Mr. Steinbeck's book. But so eager is the Secretary to incur for Steinbeck the enmity of *all* farmers, large and small, that he, not Steinbeck, includes them all in the same category. And, I might add in closing, the just "settled" apricot price war was a good indication of the fact that the interests of the "little" farmer do not always run in the same channel with those of the "big" farmer. Think that one over.

What I've taken a lot of words to say is, of course, that whatever indictment "The Grapes of Wrath" contains, it is not directed at the "small" farmers, so many of whom operate in our own Santa Clara valley. Considerably more could be said about Mr. Taylor's criticism of the book, but I see it would take more space and time than I anticipated. I agree with the Secretary when he says relief of migrants should come from the federal government. But the migrants must eventually be settled on subsistence farms or garden plots, and that is partly the problem of California, which needs their seasonal services.

Walter Smith Funeral to be Held Friday

Walter Bradley Smith, South Third street, passed away Wednesday after a prolonged period of failing health.

Mr. Smith conducted a barber shop for several years in San Jose but had been forced to give up his business some time ago. He was a native of Clinton, Mo., 59 years of age.

He leaves his wife, Muriel Blanch Smith; three daughters, Mrs. Louise S. Willis of Los Gatos, Mrs. Evelyn Schumacker, Modesto, Doris Jeanne of Campbell, and a son Charles Merrill of Campbell.

Other surviving relatives are a grandson, Paul Thomas Willis; his mother, Mrs. Mary J. Smith of Cupertino; brothers Edgar of Montrose, Mo., and Fred H., George T., and Ted Smith of Campbell, and sisters, Mrs. Charles Korp, of Hazelton, Kansas, and Mrs. A. M. Sagaser of Cupertino.

Funeral services will be held tomorrow (Friday) at 2 p. m. from the Roger Darling garden chapel, with interment at Los Gatos cemetery, where the commitment will be under the auspices of Charity Lodge, No. 362, F. and A. M., of which he was a member.

A series of guests have been entertained by Mrs. Rose Hanger: Don and Harriet Irons of Center, Colo., cousins of the late Curtis and Fred Hanger, with Miss Frances Sylvester, enjoyed a short visit while also seeing the wonders of the exposition. Miss E. McLernon and Mr. and Mrs. Will McLernon of San Francisco spent the July 4th holiday with her, and Monday the Willard Farr family was up from Salinas where they are now nicely located.

DON'T LET IT SPREAD!

Local Cooperative Dehydrator to Increase Capacity

Evidencing their faith in the future of the prune market the Campbell Co-operative Dehydrator company has begun installation of a new $5000 unit to its plant on South Central avenue. This is the second enlargement of the plant since its opening in 1937.

The new unit consists of two fruit tunnels and one heat tunnel, which makes a total of four.

The growth in membership of the co-operative and the overflow of business last season made the increase in capacity advisable, the management stated.

"The Kid from Kokomo" Showing With "Pygmalion"

Working on the principle that a healthy dose of laughter is the best prescription for a worried world, "The Kid From Kokomo," the new Warner Bros. production which opens at the Campbell theatre tonight ,is comedy from start to finish. A fulsome guarantee that this is so can be had from scanning the list of players and the roles which they play.

Pat O'Brien as Billy Murphy, just a Broadway phony—a gyp off the old block. Wayne Morris as Homer Baston, two fisted kid with a one-track mind—he wants his mama. Joan Blondell as Doris Harvey, bubble-dancing was her career—'til Fate stuck a pin in it. Jane Wyman as Marion Bronson, she's got Wayne's kisses—but his heart belongs to mama.

May Robson as Maggie Martin, shoplifting Sadies—heart of gold, sleeve full of silver. Stanley Fields as "Muscles" Malone, he knew his girl loved him—she blackened his eye. Maxie Rosenbloom as Curley Bender, he'd do anything to turn an honest dollar—except work. Others in the cast are Sidney Toler, Ed Brophy, Winifred Harris and Morgan Conway.

Showing with this feature is "Pygmalion" starring Leslie Howard.

Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, July 16, 17 and 18 "Tarzan Finds a Son" and "Invitation to Happiness" will be shown at the Campbell theater. Wednesday night only Toby will again conduct his "Country Store." The picture that night is "It's a Wonderful World."

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Mrs. Nora S. Markham, son Stewart, and niece, Miss Frances Okana, all of Honolulu, who had been house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Carman of San Jose-Los Gatos road and Union avenue, left Saturday on an extended tour which will include visits at Los Angeles, the Grand Canyon, Chicago, Washington, D. C., New York City and its Fair. They plan to return to Campbell in August for a further yisit.

Shed Increases Floor Space At Campbell P. O.

The Building and Investment company is having a shed 40x40 feet built at the rear of the post office where the mail trucks which serve Campbell as part of the circle including Los Gatos and Saratoga may drive under to unload mail bags.

A new set of all small boxes will be installed soon in the blank space at the rear of the lobby, as there is a great demand for boxes, and non available of the small size.

The annual summer rush is on, due to the many transient workers receiving mail at the local office. Also the addition of many permanent residents in the various subdivisions has increased the patronage of the office.

Miss Alice Joy is here for a month at the old home on Rincon avenue. Miss Joy will be remembered by the older residents of this community where the family lived for many years and as an alumna of U. C. at Berkeley. She plans to return to Kentucky where she is teaching in one of the mountain schools. While here she will visit her brother Thaddeus Joy and family in Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. James Black of Fresno are spending two weeks or more with their daughter Mrs. Ira Abbott and family. Harry Starrett, a brother-in-law of Lemoore is also here and the two men are assisting in building the five room house which the Abbott's are constructing on the lot adjoining their property on the east.

The W. C. T. U. met last week at the home of Mrs. R. W. Kenney, North First street. Mrs. May Hollingsworth, county president, was present and gave interesting information about the work. Mrs. C. C. Byrnes presided over the meeting.

A baseball game Monday night proved a Waterloo for Jack Murdock. Playing first base with the Los Gatos business men's team, he and a runner met in violent collision, leaving Jack with a broken left wrist and his opponent with a strained shoulder. This is Jack's first misfortune in four years of play with the Los Gatos team.

Work of remodelling a building on property of Mrs. Rose Hanger at the Junction of San Jose-Los Gatos highway and North Union avenue is progressing nicely. Gilbert Newcomb is doing the work and when it is completed will be the owner's attractive new home, as she intends selling her present home and grounds.

Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Wightman and two daughters are here from Portland, Oregon, to visit his mother, Mrs. Mary Wightman and brothers on North First street.

Campbell Odd Fellows Will be Installed Tonight

This (Thursday) evening District Deputy Grand Master Andrews and a staff from Soquel Lodge No. 137, I. O. O. F., will install the officers of Morning Light Lodge No. 42.

The new group who will conduct the meetings of the order for the coming six months is:

Noble grand, F. Ralph Herring; warden, Roy Laine; conductor, Frank W. Coupland; R. S. N. G., Walter Silberbauer; L. S. N. G., J. Franklin Blaine; vice grand, William Bachman; R. S. V. G., Julius H. Bachman; L. S .N. G. W. Bryce Whitmore; inside guardian, George Whipple; outside guardian, Fred Jones; R. scene supporter, Jame Soutar; L. scene supporter, Glen McCaughey; chaplain, William R. Coupland.

Kiwanians Hear About Recent Boston Convention

The Kiwanis club heard a first hand report of the Kiwanis Internatoinal convention held recently in Boston, coupled with a description of some of the wonders of the New York World's Fair, at Tuesday's meeting. Henry Buell, lieutenant-governor of district 12, was guest speaker, with president W. R. Morgan presiding.

Next Tuesday the meeting will be at 6:45 with the ladies as guests, starting the summer series of three.

Moving pictures will be featured and special music arranged.

Drew Packing Company Starts Season's Pack

Work at the Drew cannery is getting into full swing on the delayed apricot pack. With the agreement reached between growers and canners, fruit has begun to come in, although great quantities in this section will also be dried.

Apricots are very small this year in comparison with most seasons, but this seems to be the report from all parts of the state where apricots are grown.

Mrs. J. E. Murdock and Mrs. Raymond Mathis and children are vacationing at Felton, occupying the Marion Plumm cottage. Wednesday evening they were joined by their husbands and Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Benson, Mr. and Mrs. Axel Granstrom, and Mack and Miss Betty Ross of Willow Glen, who all participated "to the full" in consuming roasting ears, and then stayed for the night.

Miss Bernice Downing of Santa Clara, publisher for several years of the Santa Clara Journal and later postermaster at that city, is convalescing from a major operation performed July 3. Until a few days previous to that time she had served as the popular hostess of the Mission Trails building on Treasure Island where she had greeted many visitors from the county. She will be unable to resume her official duties for some time, her physician states.

The Rev. John M. Bhunswick is enjoying an unexpected trip having left Friday on a journey that will take him to Chicago. Dr. and Mrs. Henry Rose and son Jack, stopped here for a visit with the Brunswicks, the two ladies being sister. Upon leaving they were accompanied by Rev. Brunswick and will visit Los Angeles and Mexico before returning to Chicago. Rev. Brunswick will purchase a new car and drive it back.

Wilbur Whitney who at one time was a shop teacher at the Campbell Union high school is staying in Los Gatos and attending summer session of the San Jose State college. He, with Mrs. Whitney and their son Keith who came out from Lansing, Mich., with him, were guests of the C. E. Yorks Monday.

State Chamber Of Commerce Names Officers

Appointment of Harry A. Mitchell, San Francisco, as Regional Director and chairman of the Central Coast Council of the California State Chamber of Commerce was announced today by A. J. McFadden, president of the organization.

Santa Clara county members of the central coast council, of which Mitchell is chairman, include Will B. Weston, Leroy Anderson, L. R. Cody, Willis Dutton, Albert Haentze, R. V. Garrod, V. T. McCurdy, R. B. Chandler, John P. McEnery, J. Q. Patton, E. N. Richmond, S. D. Farrington, W. P. Isham, M. R. Bookwalter, O. F. Campbell, Dr. E. A. Cottrell, Mrs. Paul Eliel and C. J. Crary.

Chamber of commerce secretaries who have been actively identified with the council's work include Russell E. Pettit of the San Jose Chamber; W. W. Clarke of the Los Gatos Chamber; Joseph F. Donovan, Palo Alto Chamber; and Elmer Weymouth of the Gilroy Chamber.

Sheepdog Trials To be Event of Calif. State Fair

Sacramento, July 13—Jean, national American outdoor sheep dog champion for two years, and Hemp, a two-year-old sensation in canine intelligence, will take part in sheep dog trials at the California state fair at Sacramento, Sept. 1-10.

The trials, popular in the west and a major attraction in England and Scotland, will be held in the horse show coliseum nightly, and on Sundays in front of the grandstand. Range sheep, strange to the pens, will be used each time. The dogs will place them in different corrals as instructed through commands whistled by the herder.

Luke J. Pasco, importer and exhibitor of collie sheep dogs, will fly from Syracuse, New York with Jean and Hemp to place them in the trials at the fair for ten days.

Exchange Pulpits For Four Weeks

The Rev. Ralph Conard of Seattle, nephew of Mrs. Cora M. Ricker of Harrison avenue, has exchanged pulpits for a month with the Rev. Mahood of the First Congregational church of Santa Cruz.

On Sunday a group of relatives including Mrs. Ricker, Mr. and Mrs. Francis H. Cutting, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis R. Rathbun, Theodore A. Cutting, Will C. Cutting and Mrs. Verna Lusher, the Rev. Benjamin St. John of Palo Alto, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ralph Hain and daughter, Ann of the Pinnacles and Barbara and Arthur Cutting of Agnew attended the Congregational church where Rev. Conard is in charge.

The following day the pastor, his wife and children visited his aunt here.

Mrs. Walter E. Trask of Johnson avenue is in Lane Stanford hospital where she underwent a very serious operation a few days ago. She had been ill for some months, more seriously for the past weeks and an operation became imperative.

See the New
BENDIX
Home
Laundry at
Leverton Hardware
Company

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—Filming of Kipling's "The Light That Failed" on the New Mexico desert, near Santa Fe, was delayed the other day when a savage wind blew the tents away. The pugnacious William Wellman, the director, long known as "Wild Bill," enjoys fighting sandstorms, having licked one almost single-handed when he was filming "Beau Geste," in Arizona. He probably got a few good shots of the storm and will work them into the film, with his gift for improvization.

Sandstorm Mild Compared to Director's Past

He was the flying partner of Tommy Hitchcock, the polo player, in the Lafayette Escadrille in the World war, and revealed an instinct for showmanship by playing tunes on German tower bells with a machine gun as he zipped around the belfry. It was said that, before the Germans dropped him in a tree and sent him home, he could peg out "Silver Threads Among the Gold" without a sour note.

In aviation films, he has employed effectively both his histrionic talents and his training in air acrobatics. His film, "Wings," of 1928, touched off his expanding fame. "Men With Wings," of last year, rated by discerning critics as a top-bracket film, told the story of aviation from the day of the Wright brothers' first flight.

He was known at times, around Hollywood, as "Screwball Bill," but has simmered down considerably since he married Dorothy Coonan, finding a desert sandstorm only mildly diverting, considering his rough-and-tumble past.

He is, however, as Irish as ever, and his famous serial fight with an unknown Paris antagonist probably will continue. On leave in Paris, he found it necessary to rebuke an offensive stranger by knocking him stiff as a plank. Later, in Chicago, the stranger, spying Mr. Wellman on the street, did the same to him. A year or two later, in Hollywood, seeing his unknown sparring partner crossing the street, Mr. Wellman put himself one up by a blow to the chin. There have been other encounters. I believe the score is now even. But he bears no grudge. It is just a detail of his native ebullience, which leads him to such devices as galvanizing the chairs on the lot so his working crew can't sit down.

Engages in a Serial Fight With Unknown

With Capra, La Cava and Hitchcock, he is achieving a sharp characterization and finished technique, as the movies get into long pants and offer adult entertainment. He grew up in Brookline, Mass., tried to sell chocolates and woolen goods, but didn't, went to the war with an ambulance unit and won the Croix de Guerre with the Lafayette Escadrille. His friend, Douglas Fairbanks Sr., steered him to Hollywood, soon after the war, as a messenger boy for Goldwyn. In 10 years, he did almost everything for every studio in Hollywood, before he hit his stride with "Wings."

He is 43, slender, whippy, with a touch of gray in his curly brown hair, and is apt to sock anybody in an argument and then affectionately buy him a drink. "A Star Is Born" hiked his fame considerably.

THIS reporter asked several informed persons if they knew that a woman was assistant secretary of the United States treasury. None of them did. Mrs. Blair Banister, who holds that office, would find encouragement in that. She tells the Regional Conference of Democratic Women at Washington that the decreasing public excitement about women in office is a good sign. Their status in public life, if that's what interests them, is so assured that they no longer rate "glaring headlines" when they are put in a responsible post.

Women in Office No Longer Rate 'Scare Heads'

Mrs. Banister is a sister of Senator Carter Glass, one of a family of six boys and six girls, all following their father's business—newspaper work. Her sister, Dr. Meta Glass, is president of Sweetwater college. Mrs. Banister left Lynchburg, Va., in 1919, to assist George Creel's committee on public information. She was appointed to the treasury post in July, 1933.

(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

WEEKLY NEWS ANALYSIS BY JOSEPH W. LaBINE

Defense Costs Zoom Skyward As Army, Navy Start Tapping Appropriations for New Year

(EDITOR'S NOTE—When opinions are expressed in these columns, they are those of the news analyst and not necessarily of this newspaper.)

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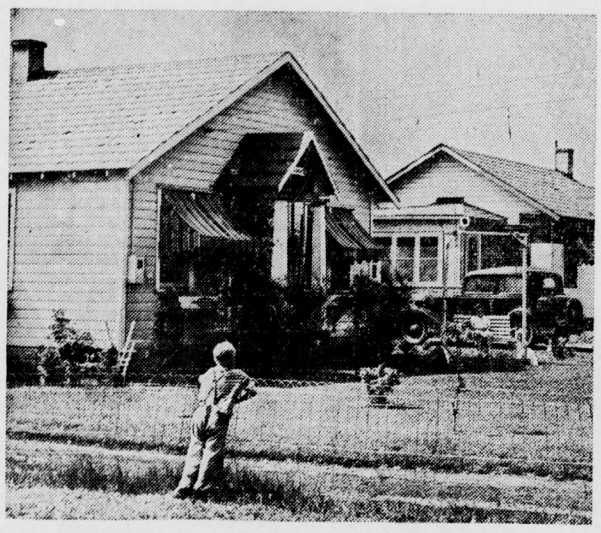


HOESS HOMES AT HAMMOND, IND. (SEE HOUSING)
A 40-acre white elephant may become a national model.

DEFENSE:
Spree

In 1922 the U. S. spent only $380,000,000 for its army. By 1929 the dove of peace cooed so pleasantly that only $780,252,163 was needed for all defense—army, navy and coast guard. The upward swing in arms costs did not start until 1936, gained strong impetus last year and zoomed to unprecedented peacetime heights in the current congressional session. As the 1938-39 fiscal year ended and military men reached for new funds provided by a new year, the next 12 months indeed looked like record breakers.

Summing up the past year, Undersecretary of War Louis Johnson told readers of the Army and Navy Journal that 703 new planes (heavy and medium bombers, pursuit, attack, observation, cargo and training) had been delivered and that 763 more had been ordered, most of them single engine pursuit ships. Upped 400 per cent under current orders were sound locators for anti-aircraft control; anti-aircraft artillery, 210 per cent; aircraft artillery, 140 per cent; anti-aircraft control directors, 130 per cent.

UNDERSECRETARY JOHNSON
The army got its share.

Journal readers also heard from the navy's paymaster, Rear Adm. Ray Spear, that his extraordinary expenditures next year will help U. S. industry: 40.6 per cent will go for materials; 39.01 for labor. But what interested most taxpayers was how much America's defense spree would cost. Figures:

ARMY	
Regular appropriation	$ 548,995,812
1939 deficiency bill	119,380,287
Extraordinary army bill	292,695,587
Panama canal, new locks	277,000,000
Civil pilot training	5,675,000
Civilian Conseration corps	295,000,000
Civil functions & works	305,188,514
Total	$1,843,935,200
NAVY	
Regular appropriation	$ 773,420,241
1939 deficiency bill	36,700,000
Shore establishments	54,000,000
Strategic materials	100,000,000
Supplemental construction	12,100,000
Total	$ 976,220,241
COAST GUARD	
Regular appropriation	$ 25,003,210
1939 deficiency bill	1,929,075
Expansion	14,473,000
Total	$ 41,405,285

When taxpayers totaled these figures they found defense costs had risen considerably above 1929's mere $780,000,000. The total 1939-40 bill: $2,861,560,726.

HOUSING:
Hammond Plan

Biggest criticism of Federal Housing administration homes is that they cost too much for the small wage earner. Likewise, huge metropolitan slum clearance projects merely add to a city's congestion instead of following the future's inevitable trend to decentralization.

Last year at Hammond, Ind., four brothers named Frank, William, Joseph and John Hoess divided a 40-acre white elephant into one-acre homesteads, sized up Hammond's workmen (who earn from $25 to $30 a week and have neither savings nor guaranteed jobs) and decided to build homes for them. Each was to be a five-room house with two bedrooms, kitchen, living room and bath, costing $1,600 to $2,500 including land. Of each tenant they asked 10 per cent down and $25 a month plus 6 per cent amortized interest. Left to the occupants were painting, decorating, plumbing and fixture installation, though all homes were wired. By this summer 36 of the 40 homesteads were occupied, tenants were eating out of their gardens and were hard at work making homes out of houses.

This successful experiment might have gone unnoticed except for Nebraska's Sen. George Norris, who recently expounded its merits in the chamber as a comparison with FHA and PWA projects. Said he: "The idea is to build a home for as little money as possible . . . We should extend assistance to the laboring men and poorer classes who do not now own houses, but desire to own them."

Next came a subpoena for Brother Frank Hoess to explain his project this month before Sen. Joseph C. O'Mahoney's temporary national economic committee, which may recommend it as the basis for a national program to amend the 1937 housing act.

Awaiting hearing time, Frank Hoess busied himself opposing a proposed $4,000,000 clearance program for Hammond and nearby Gary, Ind., both suburbs of Chicago. His reasoning: Not only will tenement apartments increase congestion, but they also eat up in rent the money a workman might use for easy payments on his own home.

MEDITERRANEAN:
Rebound

One year ago Turkey's Premier Refik Saydam ruled a mediocre nation no more important to war-frightened France and Britain than her inconsequential neighbors, Iraq and Iran. But by early July of this year the Turks were so solidly locked with allies far and near that both Benito Mussolini and Adolf Hitler frowned when they looked at the eastern Mediterranean.

First anti-Axis move by Turkey came following Italy's invasion of Albania, which burst asunder the piffling Balkan entente. With Bulgaria leaning Axis-wise and Yugoslavia torn by a Croat-Slav feud, Premier Saydam made haste under British tutelage to form a new mutual defense pact with Rumania and Greece, both of whom are now ready to fight (1) a Nazi-Fascist invasion of Yugoslavia, or (2) a dictator drive starting in Bulgaria.

Next in quick succession came Turkish pacts with France and Britain, the former in exchange for French cession of the League of Nations mandated Hatay republic (Syrian Alexandretta). Upshot of these treaties was that western democracies gained control of the strategic Dardanelles and Bosporus, gaining access to the Black sea to help Rumania in case of war and draw friendly Russia into the Mediterranean. Meanwhile came Turkish pacts with Iraq, Iran and Afghanistan, while Egypt opened conversations seeking Balkan aid should Italy invade Nile territory. In desperation, Axis powers attempted to form a Balkan counter block of Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Hungary, only the latter of which could offer much help in war.

Adding to Mussolini's woes are three western Mediterranean developments: (1) Portugal's reaffirmation of fidelity to its alliance with Britain; (2) Spain's apparent insistence on neutrality in a general war; (3) increased British naval and military strength in the Gibraltar area.

POLITICS:
Decision

Not in many a moon has the U. S. seen a more popular politician than James Aloysius Farley, who lifted Franklin Roosevelt to the White House twice, who thus lifted himself from obscurity and who this year or next must make the greatest decision of his miraculous career: Shall he back the President for a third term, thereby forsaking his political friends who have left the New Deal standard? Or shall he desert, thereby losing the support of Roosevelt men?

Either path may be suicide, and best guesses hold that not even Jim Farley himself knows which path to take. But this much every politician knows:

Next year's Democratic convention must build its re-election platform on the record of eight years under Franklin Roosevelt, otherwise the party has no leg on which to stand. If Jim Farley is to desert the President and seek a very logical vice presidential candidacy for himself under either Vice President John Nance Garner or Secretary of State Cordell Hull, he cannot afford to speak against his boss lest it undermine the party's only platform. Neither can he speak in his boss' favor, for that would stamp him permanently with the New Deal stripe. For a man whose entire future hangs on a network of friendships, any commitment before the President announces his decision would be fatal.

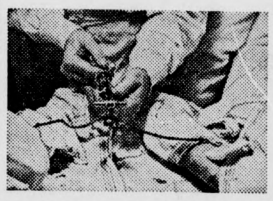
Meantime the postmaster general is wasting no time building more political fences for whoever can use them—himself, the President or any of a baker's dozen potential candidates. When he tells audiences his party will win in 1940 on the Roosevelt record, it means nothing.

PENNSYLVANIA:
Titans' Dream

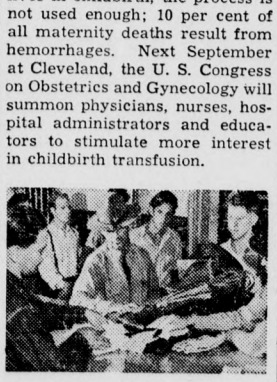
In 1837 intrepid Pennsylvanians first thought of building a "South Penn" railroad cut through the rugged Appalachians from Harrisburg to Pittsburgh. Fifty years later two industrial titans almost did it, Andrew Carnegie because another line controlled rail traffic and "pegged" freight rates out of Pittsburgh, William H. Vanderbilt because the same railroad purchased a line which paralleled his New York Central tracks along the Hudson. They abandoned it in 1885.

By 1940 the 100-year-old dream will be completed, not as a railroad, but a four-lane, moderate-level express toll highway which uses eight of the nine tunnels started by Vanderbilt's workmen, knocks the tops of smaller hills and spans deep valleys. Total cost $63,000,000.

Pictorialized



TRANSFUSION—Switching of blood from one man's veins to another's has improved tremendously since 1492, when Pope Innocent VIII and three donors who attempted to save his life all died in the first crude attempt. But in one field where transfusion is most needed, saving mothers' lives in childbirth, the process is not used enough; 10 per cent of all maternity deaths result from hemorrhages. Next September at Cleveland, the U. S. Congress on Obstetrics and Gynecology will summon physicians, nurses, hospital administrators and educators to stimulate more interest in childbirth transfusion.



RECRUITING—To man its vast new arms expansion program, the army must sign up 112,500 recruits in the next 12 months. Facilities: 400 recruiting stations, including 18 on wheels. Most men will go to the air corps. They must be unmarried, in good physical shape and from 18 to 35 years of age. Enlistment is for three years.

SILVER—Under the senate amendment to boost silver price from 64.64 to 77.57 cents per ounce, western miners predict 150,000 men should get new jobs. Many mines, closed since silver lost its place beside gold as a monetary base, could operate profitably under the higher price but cannot make ends meet at the 64.64-cent level.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT
SEWING CIRCLE

DO YOU go in—or rather out—for active sports? Then there's a place in your life for the pretty play frock (1767) with short tennis skirt, sunback, and bright bands of braid. A little short-sleeved jacket and head kerchief are included in your easy pattern. In pique, gingham or chambray, it will make your vacation smarter and gayer.

Cool Daytime Frock.

Are you looking for something cool, becoming and different for daytime? Then 1778 is just what you want! A square-necked, youthful basque frock, with circular skirt, upped sleeves and a tiny waistline, it will look summery and refreshing even on the hottest day, with your big hat and white shoes. For this, choose silk print, linen, gingham or lawn.

The Patterns.

1767 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14 requires 5½ yards of 35 inch material without nap. 2½ yards of braid.

1778 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 and 40. Size 14 requires 4⅝ yards of 35 inch material with short sleeves. 1¾ yards of trimming.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 149 New Montgomery Ave., San Francisco, Calif. Patterns 15 cents (in coins) each.

(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)

Ask Me Another
A General Quiz

The Questions

1. Why is the speaker of the house of representatives so called?
2. What country is the Land of Cakes?
3. How big a trunk did the Charter oak have?
4. What is the oldest parliament in the world?
5. Is there a word descriptive of the feeling of annoyance one has in a noisy place?
6. About how much of the world's habitable land surface does the British empire cover?
7. Is there a tropical valley in Canada caused by hot springs?
8. How does Victoria falls compare with Niagara falls?
9. What is a poganip?
10. Do Pacific salmon always return to the stream where they were hatched in order to spawn?

The Answers

1. The name was borrowed from British parliament.
2. Scotland is so called from its oatmeal cakes.
3. Nearly seven feet in diameter. It was in Hartford, Conn., and blew down in 1856. Its age was computed to be nearly 1,000 years.
4. The Althing of Iceland is the oldest parliamentary assembly, having celebrated its 1,000th anniversary in 1930.
5. The word is dysacousia.
6. About one-fourth.
7. Many stories have been written about this legend. The hot springs exist but they have no effect upon the climate.
8. The chasm of Victoria falls in South Africa is only about one-half as wide as that of Niagara, but more than twice the depth.
9. It is a dense winter fog containing frozen particles, formed in the deep valleys of the Sierra Nevadas.
10. In a great majority of cases, the returning salmon reach not only the same parent stream, but even the same small tributary. They die within a short time after spawning.

Uncle Phil Says:

With Taxes What They Are:

The meek do not ask to, and we wonder if they want to, inherit the earth.

Far too many thought-provoking discussions turn out to be merely provoking.

One has won a great battle when he has learned not to be unhappy when alone.

Enlightened public opinion is the greatest means for securing clean politics.

A Blanket Government

In a government of, by and for the people, we have to remember the enormous variety of people.

Dominating personalities are those who started out to have their own way and kept it up.

If one is great enough he does not need to speak of it; but what if he is in the lower brackets?

Dying in poverty is no harder than dying in riches; it's living in poverty that's hard on a man.

There's a Good Reason You're Constipated!

When there's something wrong with you, the first rule is: *get at the cause.* If you are constipated, don't *endure* it first and *cure* it afterward. Find out what's giving you the trouble.

Chances are it's simple if you eat the super-refined foods most people do: meat, white bread, potatoes. It's likely *you don't get enough "bulk."* And "bulk" doesn't mean a lot of food. It's a *kind* of food that isn't consumed in the body, but leaves a soft "bulky" mass in the intestines and helps a bowel movement.

If this is your trouble, you should eat a natural "bulk" producing food—such a one as the crunchy, toasted, ready-to-eat cereal—Kellogg's All-Bran. All-Bran is the ounce of prevention that's worth a pound of emergency relief. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and "Join the Regulars." All-Bran is made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

SAN FRANCISCO
Down Town • New and Modern • All with Baths and Showers • Family Rates • Write for Illustrated Folder
DRIVE-IN GARAGE Rates From $2.00
HOTEL ROOSEVELT

In Los Angeles
Stop at the
ANGELUS DE ANZA HOTEL
4th & Spring Streets (downtown)
Rates from $1.25
NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR TWO IN SAME ROOM

FIRST CHOICE IN LOS ANGELES
ALEXANDRIA HOTEL
5th at Spring
Tariff from $2.50
A Tub and Shower in Every Room

Amazing profit! No selling! Operate Silver King vendors. $3.25 up. Free instructions. AUTOMATIC, 2425 G Fullerton, Chicago.

How 25 Women Lost Ugly FAT In Special N. Y. Test

Ask Your Doctor If It Isn't Good Way. Read EVERY Word

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In a test by a prominent N. Y. Physician and nationally known newspaper woman—25 women lost a total of 286 lbs. in 40 days. YOU, too, can follow this SAME, SENSIBLE plan right at home and here it is:

First of all go light on fatty meats and sweets. Eat plentifully of lean meats, fish, fowl, fresh fruits and vegetables. And for proper functioning by removal of accumulated wastes take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen in hot water every morning. DON'T MISS A MORNING. Kruschen is made right here in U. S. A. from famous English formula.

And this is IMPORTANT: Kruschen is NOT harmful. It is not just one salt as some people ignorantly believe. Rather, it's a blend of 6 active minerals, which when dissolved in water make a healthful mineral drink similar to effective Spa waters where wealthy women have gone for years. A jar of Kruschen costs only a few cents and lasts 6 weeks.

So, fat ladies—get some gumption! MAKE UP YOUR MIND YOU'LL STICK to the above Plan for 28 days and just see if you don't lose fat and feel healthier and younger. You can get Kruschen at druggists everywhere.

. . . There are two classes of news in these columns every week

(1) Interesting Local Items (2) The Advertisements

YES, the advertisements ARE news, and in many ways the most important of all because they affect you directly and personally.

● You'll find that it pays to follow this news every week. *Reading the advertisements* is the sure way to learn of new comforts and conveniences . . . to keep up with the times and get full money's worth for every dollar you spend.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

HELP! RESCUE US!

From chronic constipation, stomach, liver and kidney trouble, is the plaintive cry of millions of people and "Father Sebastian Kneipp's" well known product has come to the rescue of hundreds of thousands of children, women and men since 1875.
Father Kneipp's pure vegetable preparation is compounded from 4 selected herbs:
1—Foenum Graecum. 2—Aloe Vera. 3—Foeniculum Vulgara. 4—Juniperus Communis.
Endorsed by Leading National Authorities
Send for one week's trial package, 10 cents plus 3 cents postage. You will appreciate "Father Kneipp's Remedy."
THE LOTUS PRODUCTS
988 Market St. San Francisco, Calif.

PERSONALS

ATTENTION, Men-Women. Physician, 30 years practice, will advise in intimate personal matters. Mail questions. Enclose $1.00. W. M. Brown, M.D., 4266 Melrose, Hollywood, Calif.

WORK on Steam Ships. Full details send 50 cents. P. O. Box 84, Los Angeles, Calif.

ANY girl in trouble or distress apply to Mrs. Colonel S. Harris, the Salvation Army Headquarters, 115 Valencia St., San Francisco.

PIPE

SAVE ON PIPE
VALVES — FITTINGS
Tested reconditioned pipe at attractive prices. Write for prices and booklet.
PACIFIC PIPE CO.
207 Folsom St. San Francisco

Jazz Said to Kill Silk Parasite

Jazz may save the silk industry of Japan by killing one of its worst enemies. A Japanese scientist, says a Tokyo dispatch, declares that the syncopation has fatal effect on a parasite worm which is attacking silk. The maggot so greatly detests jazz that when near a phonograph playing the strains it burrows deep into the body of the silkworm to get away from the sound, and there it dies of suffocation in less than half an hour.

Wayfarer's Dole

Bread and a horn of ale, a medieval charity known as the Wayfarer's dole, are given freely to anyone who asks at the Hospital of St. Cross, Winchester, England. Tourists from America often stand in line with English tramps to be able to tell friends back home that they have shared in this quaint relic of the past.

Taxes on Food

Out of every dollar the average American family spends, 33 cents goes for food. Six cents of this portion is taken by hidden taxes, according to a recent survey. A loaf of bread carries 53 taxes, a quart of milk is taxed 57 times, and one-sixth of the cost of a cup of tea represents taxes.

The Greeks Had a Word

Two schools of thought exist on the derivation of the word "glass." Some say it comes from the Celtic word "glas" meaning green or bluish-green, the color of common window glass when seen edgeways. Others say it is from the Latin "glacies" meaning ice, because the word "crystal" is derived from the Greek word meaning ice.

Marriages End Club

In its final report Ilfracombe Bachelors' club of Ilfracombe, England, said that it was disbanding because 12 of its members had married and 15 had become engaged in its year of existence.

A Lot of Brains!

Dr. Othmar Solnitzky, of Washington, D. C., has more brains than any man alive . . . 5,000 of them which he has collected for the Brain Research institute of Georgetown university, according to the American Magazine.

British Medals to U. S.

The report of the secretary of war for 1923 lists 415 British military medals which were given to American soldiers who participated in the World war.

Texas' Smallest

Smallest Texas county is Rockwall with 149 square miles.

Thirteenth Century Crypt

Workmen engaged in removing the foundations of a building at Reigate discovered a Thirteenth century crypt or dungeon under a house which was demolished during the reign of Henry VIII.

Capillaries Flattened

It has been estimated that the capillaries of the average adult would cover 6,300 square yards or about 1½ acres.

Last Mayflower Survivor

Mary Allerton, daughter of Isaac Allerton, whose death occurred in 1699, was the last survivor of those who came over on the Mayflower.

Zippered Hot Dogs

Hot dogs are now on the market with a zipper casing made of vegetable parchment.

Automatic Phone Device

Phone subscribers here may now use a dial device which records the hour when they will return. Anyone calling in their absence will be informed automatically when the party will be back.

Record Milk Producer

Cherry, an eight-year-old shorthorn cow, bred at the Red House farm, Amesbury, Wiltshire, England, holds the world record for a year's milk production with a total output of 41,644½ pounds, or an average of 57 quart bottles a day.

BANNER SERIAL FICTION

She Painted Her Face

A story of love and intrigue . . . by **DORNFORD YATES**

© Dornford Yates WNU Service

CHAPTER VIII—Continued
—18—

"Well, well," said Herrick. "And who ever heard of two guests abusing their host at table until he's carried away and then getting down to his brandy and having a rubber of bridge? You know it's blasphemous. I don't believe the Borgias ever did that. And I'll lay lil Percey's got ear-ache. 'Three swine to one pearl.' "

I forget what answer I made, but I know I sent Winter to bed and, after two or three minutes, went up to my room. But I did not intend to sleep: for the "pearl" was out of my sight.

I had seen her into her suite 20 minutes before. I trusted to see her come out in a little less than eight hours. But I had no faith in Elsa, and—Virgil had his back to the wall. Had there been but one door to her suite, I would have slept across it. But there were four doors to her suite, and one was outside. I could not so much as watch them: Argus himself could have watched but one at a time.

I took off my coat and lighted a cigarette . . .

As I threw the match out of the window, somebody knocked at my door.

I was at the oak in a flash, to find Winter standing without, with a key in his hand.

"I forgot to tell you, sir." He entered and shut the door. "You gave me this key and told me to lock up the Rolls. Her doors, I mean. But I 'aven't been able to, because this isn't the key."

" 'Isn't the key?' " I said, frowning, and with that I took it out of his hand.

"It isn't, indeed, sir. I tried it again and again."

"But . . ."

And there I stopped dead—with my eyes on the key I was holding between my finger and thumb.

Winter was right. This was not the key of the Rolls. Although she did not know it, Elizabeth Virgil had the key of the Rolls. I had handed it to her on Friday, with the rest of her things. It was now, perhaps, under her pillow. But this was her master key . . . that fitted all five of her locks.

CHAPTER IX

Whilst I changed, I gave Winter his orders. These were, in short, to pass the night on the landing, watching the door which gave to Elizabeth's suite.

"If anyone tries to enter, put your torch on his face and hold him up. The door may be opened for him; but I don't like Elsa's face, and he's not to go in. When you've got him, lift up your voice and shout my name, and I'll be with you before you know where you are. I shall be in the staircase-turret, closely watching the other door of her ladyship's rooms."

"And if you want me, sir?" said Winter.

"I'll call her ladyship. She'll let me through her suite and on to the stair. I don't think anything will happen, and, but for Elsa, I'd tell you to go to bed. But it's thanks to me that she is inside that suite, so it's up to me to see that she does no harm."

And there I remembered Elgar, the man for whom Virgil had called when we had escaped from the tower. I had learned from Elizabeth that he was Virgil's chauffeur and was as much trusted by his master as he was distrusted by everyone else at Brief.

But when I mentioned his name—

"He's away just now," said Winter, "with Mr. Virgil's car. There's a knock in the engine or something they can't get right."

"So much the better," said I, and spoke as I thought.

And that, I think, shows how ill equipped I was to deal with a man of Virgil's capacity, for I should at once have suspected the absence of his chauffeur and car. But I am ashamed to say that it did not occur to me that, if there is work of a certain kind to be done, the lugger will take an offing, instead of staying in port. Be that as it may, I read the danger-signal as being a piece of good news: then I took up my pistol and torch, and we left the tower.

To post Winter took but a moment; and then I was treading the steps down which I had knocked the servant six days before. My shoes were rubber-soled, and I made no sound, but, as I have said before, the well of the staircase was lit, and the first floor, to which I was going, was very much better illumined than was the landing above. Still, there were shadows enough about, and I carefully kept to them.

As luck would have it, I knew the whole of my way. I was not going down to the hall: I was bound for the picture-gallery, where we had gathered that evening, before dinner was served. This lay upon the first floor—a fine, long room, and its range of windows was broken into three bays by two of the staircase-turrets with which the castle was served. And the first of these, I knew, was Elizabeth's own—I had seen her come out of its door at a quarter past eight.

Using the greatest caution, I left the magnificent staircase and stole to the gallery's doors. Happily, these were open, but here the darkness was thick, so I put to the doors behind me and drew my torch. And there my luck went out, for the torch I found to be useless. It was dead.

Now I could, of course, have gone back: but, since Winter needed his torch, it meant going back or sending him back to my room: so I made up my mind to go on, because, though I should have liked it, I could tread upon Virgil's toes without seeing his face.

The gallery seemed broader than I had thought, but at length I was touching the curtains, which had been drawn. At once I turned to the left, for now I had found the windows, I had to do no more than follow their line along. And because I had my bearings, perhaps I moved with less care than I should have shown. In any event, I had almost come to the door, when I

And at Last I Knew I Was Saved.

brushed against something unwieldy —and knocked it down.

Now when a man who is trying not to be heard knocks over a chair or a table, it shortens his life. But when he knocks over such a thing as a harp . . .

Not only was the crash appalling, but every string of the instrument sounded its liquid note. Indeed, as I stood there, trembling, I thought that the dulcet announcement would never die, and when at last it did, I should have been glad to die with it, because in all my life I never felt so much abashed. Discovery was, of course, inevitable. I had not only waked the household: I had declared where I was: for the harp, like that of the giant in Jack and the Beanstalk, had lifted up an unmistakable voice.

I wiped the sweat from my face and waited for the sound of men running and voices raised. Virgil, no doubt, would come thrusting—to rub my nose in the desperate mess I had made. I began to try to prepare some halting explanation which was not beneath contempt . . .

I do not know how long I stood still, but as the moments went by, yet nobody came, I began to dare to believe that I was to be spared. The silence which I had shattered was absolute as ever: no faintest indication of movement came to my ears. And at last I knew I was saved. For some extraordinary reason, no one was coming to answer the call of the harp.

Expecting to be discovered and put to shame, I had, of course, relinquished my delicate enterprise: but now there was plainly no reason why I should withdraw, provided that on my way back, when my watch was done, I set up the harp again by the light of the dawn. So I ventured to hold on my course.

Before I had covered six feet. I touched the door of the turret to which I was trying to come . . .

Now I had expected the staircase to be in darkness: but the moment I opened the door, I knew that a light was burning beyond the oak. For a moment I found this strange. Then I remembered that I had left lights burning on the staircase within the tower and decided that the practice was natural where dangerous steps were serving a private room.

I took the key from the lock, stepped across the threshold and closed the door.

I was now in a little, stone passage which ran through the castle wall and gave directly on to the turret-stair: the wall being four feet thick, the passage was four feet long, for the turret adjoined the castle, yet was complete in itself. An electric light was burning where passage and stairway met, thus lighting the steps up and down as well as the passage itself.

I leaned against the wall and heaved a sigh of relief. Harp or no harp, I had gained the position I sought, and Winter and I between us commanded Elizabeth's suite. If . . .

And there I heard a girl laugh . . . a stifled, mischievous laugh . . . to tell me she knew I was there.

It was Elsa, of course. I knew that. She must have heard the harp fall and have left Elizabeth's suite to see what the matter might be. And then she had seen the door open and, probably, me come in.

There was only one thing to be done.

"Is that you, Elsa?" I said, and stepped to the curling stair.

Looking up, I saw her standing, point-device as ever, back to the wall.

Then somebody standing behind me laid me out.

The first thing that I remember was Percy Virgil's voice.

As I lifted my head, he spoke, and a gag was clapped into my mouth—a pad of sweet-smelling silk, which I afterwards found was one of my lady's chemises, fresh from some drawer. When I tried to sit up, I found that my hands were not free. My wrists were strapped tight together, behind my back.

I was still too dazed to make any useful effort, so I laid my head back on the stone and closed my eyes, determined to stay where I was till my strength and my senses came back, for though I could not think straight, I knew that I needed them both as never before. For a moment I seemed to be swaying, although I was lying still . . . Then somebody made me sit up and pushed my head forward and down . . . Then water was poured on my head and down the back of my neck . . .

It was that that cleared my brain, and though my head was aching, from that time on I was healthy in body and mind.

I lifted my head and looked round.

I was sitting in the passage, just clear of the turret-stair. Percy Virgil was sitting on the stair, a step or two up. And a man who I knew must be Elgar was standing in the passage beside me, pitcher in hand.

Percy Virgil picked up my pistol, looked at the safety-catch, weighed the thing on his palm and slipped it into his coat. Then he glanced at his wrist-watch and fingered his chin.

"You are very convenient, Mr. Exon. I should have got you later, but probably only after an ugly scene. And I do so dislike being crossed . . . But now you've avoided all that, and, what is more, you have made my path very smooth. You see, my cousin is going. The Lady Elizabeth Virgil is leaving the castle tonight. That was always understood, not by you, or that silver-tongued fairy, the Duchess of Whelp. But it was understood by me—as soon as I heard that my cousin was coming back. You see, I don't want her here. I really made that plain about ten days ago. But some people won't take a hint . . . Well, now she is going for good. She will never come back."

The man stopped there and leaned forward, with glittering eyes.

"My luck came in, Mr. Exon, when you knocked over that harp . . . We were going, Mr. Exon. Elsa had received her instructions and Elgar was on this stair. And then you knocked over the harp . . . And so I held everything up and waited for you.

"Now what will they find tomorrow? Not one, but both of you gone . . . Abduction? Well, hardly. They don't abduct people like you. What about an illicit elopement? A passionate flight? Oh, that's absurd . . . Wait a minute. Consider that beautiful scene in the belvedere? This evening . . . at sunset, Mr. Exon. Yes, you were watched—by a most reliable man. And then the key to her bedroom . . . that a lady gave to her swain? And then the dressing-case . . . which Elsa is packing now? Elsa—there's a good girl. She will speak to her own reactions—with tears running down her cheeks: how she and you fought for her darling and how her entreaties were foiled by the way of a man with a maid. Aunt Sally may put up a show, but she won't be able to face these basic facts. And I hardly think she'll lay them before the police. I mean, they might miss the idyll and get the blurb . . ."

He got to his feet and yawned.

"Go and get her ladyship, Elgar; and tell Monna Lisa I'm not going to wait all night. If she can't pack a dressing-case—"

"It is ready," said Elsa's voice, as Elgar went up the stair.

"You see, Mr. Exon," said Virgil, "the way to win in this world is to go all lengths. It's simpler, swifter and safer—every time. Think what I should have been spared if I had taken that course ten days ago. But there . . . One lives and learns. Take my two, er, assistants, for instance." He threw a glance up the stair. "I can count upon Elsa. She's wanted in Bristol for forgery —a very bad case. But on Elgar I have no hold: so, though he does not know it, he hasn't got long to live. I think he will be run over—I'm not quite sure. But here they come."

He picked up a length of cord and then stepped over my legs and out of the way. The next moment Elgar appeared, with Elizabeth over his shoulder, as though she were wounded and senseless and he was bringing her in.

"Put her ladyship down," said Virgil, making a knot in his cord.

Elgar unshouldered his burden and set it down on the steps.

My eyes met those of my lady, and order came back to my soul.

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Carp Is Badge of Authority for the Boys in Japan; Streamers Old Custom

Japanese youths recently celebrated the Boys' festival, under the aegis of carp, their badge of audacity. The carp is seen as the embodiment of manly virtues, its boldness seen when it leaps a waterfall. Its unflinching resignation in the face of death is observed when it is laid on the carving board and touched with the flat of the knife—it stops wriggling.

In every house where there is a boy, the parents attach at the end of a long pole in the garden, or to the roof of the house, a balloonlike carp made of cotton or silk, and black, yellow or red in color, which the wind fills out, making it swim in the air, according to an authority.

One carp is hoisted for each son: a large one, perhaps 15 feet or more in length, for the eldest; others smaller, and quite a tiny one if there is a baby boy in the family.

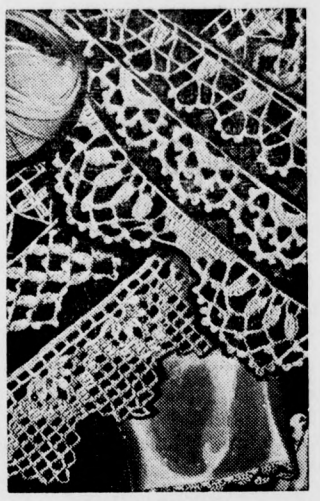
This custom of flying carp streamers began more than 250 years ago as an expression of rivalry on the part of the common folk against the armed classes who used to display outside their dwellings war streamers, lances, long-handled scimitars and other arms.

The burghers, who could make no show of arms but were none the less concerned for the welfare of their male children, are said to have hit upon the idea of hoisting paper carp, which, if not exactly awe-inspiring, could be made in any dimensions and therefore be more imposing than anything in the samurai's armory.

The Indian Cucumber

The Indian cucumber was named for the sorceress Medea, daughter of Aeetes, king of Colchis, the woman who aided Jason in securing the Golden Fleece by giving the adventurer a "witche's brew" which made him impervious to sword and fire and assisted him in carrying off the fleece from the oak tree where it hung in a grove sacred to Ares. The fleece was constantly watched by a monster dragon, writes J. Otis Swift in the New York World-Telegram, but after Jason had received the witch's mixture dragons had no terrors for him. Medea afterwards married Jason and went back to Greece with him, but when he deserted her she got back at him by destroying their sons.

Crocheted Edgings For Every Purpose



Pattern No. 2002.

You'll want to crochet these edgings — they're all different widths—since they lend themselves to so many uses. Some are suitable for round doilies. Pattern 2002 contains directions for making edgings; illustrations of them and stitches; materials required.

Send 15 cents in coins for this pattern to The Sewing Circle, Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

LOST YOUR PEP?
Here is Amazing Relief for Conditions Due to Sluggish Bowels
Nature's Remedy NR-TABLETS-NR
If you think all laxatives act alike, just try this all vegetable laxative. So mild, thorough, refreshing, invigorating. Dependable relief from sick headaches, bilious spells, tired feeling when associated with constipation.
Without Risk get a 25c box of NR from your druggist. Make the test—then if not delighted, return the box to us. We will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Get NR Tablets today.
NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT
ALWAYS CARRY TUMS EAT LIKE CANDY STOMACH DISTRESS
QUICK RELIEF FOR ACID INDIGESTION

Escaped Deeds

Youth once gone is gone. Deeds, let escape, are never to be done.—Robert Browning.

How Women in Their 40's Can Attract Men

Here's good advice for a woman during her change (usually from 38 to 52), who fears she'll lose her appeal to men, who worries about hot flashes, loss of pep, dizzy spells, upset nerves and moody spells.
Get more fresh air, 8 hrs. sleep and if you need a good general system tonic take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made *especially for women*. It helps Nature build up physical resistance, thus helps give more vivacity to enjoy life and assist calming jittery nerves and disturbing symptoms that often accompany change of life. WELL WORTH TRYING!

Fragments of Joy

The pathway of life for nearly everyone is strewn with fragments of joy.

COLD SNACKS AND . . .
WIELAND'S Extra Pale

Sorrow's Crown

A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.—Dante.

KILL ALL FLIES
Placed anywhere, Daisy Fly Killer attracts and kills flies. Guaranteed, effective. Neat, convenient — Cannot spill — Will not soil or injure anything. Lasts all season. 20c at all dealers. Harold Somers, Inc., 150 De Kalb Ave., B'klyn, N.Y.
DAISY FLY KILLER

WNU—12 28—39

Sun Undefiled

The sun passes over filth and is not defiled.

THE TRUTH SIMPLY TOLD

Today's popularity of *Doan's Pills*, after many years of world-wide use, surely must be accepted as evidence of *satisfactory* use. And favorable public opinion supports that of the able physicians who test the value of Doan's under exacting laboratory conditions.
These physicians, too, approve every word of advertising you read, the objective of which is only to recommend *Doan's Pills* as a good diuretic treatment for functional kidney disorder and for relief of the pain and worry it causes.
If more people were aware of how the kidneys must constantly remove waste that cannot stay in the blood without injury to health, there would be better understanding of why the whole body suffers when kidneys lag, and diuretic medication would be more often employed.
Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be warning of disturbed kidney function. You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out.
Use *Doan's Pills*. It is better to rely on a medicine that has won world-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. *Ask your neighbor!*
DOAN'S PILLS

The CAMPBELL PRESS
Published Every Thursday at Campbell, Calif., by
EDNA F. SMITH

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THE UN-UNITED STATES

Though the Indians, scalping-knives, and other traditional dangers of a transcontinental trek have been consigned to story books in the past few years, perils of a new sort are beginning to haunt our modern cros-country travelers.

Consider an imaginery trailer vagabond. After a swift morning run over the fine highways of the plains, he drops casually into a little Iowa town for lunch. As he waits, he pulls out a package of cigarettes.

Alas and alack! Within a few minutes our traveler is $50 poorer, for those cigarettes were alien to Iowa, and Iowa has this week begun to enforce a law banning all "alien" cigarettes from the state.

The Iowa cigarette law is only one of the many state regulations which today hamper the normal flow of inter-state traffic and trade. Within the past year, more than 1200 new laws have been passed by state legislatures affecting highway users alone. Other states have set up regulations to turn back out-of-state products at their borders.

The establishment of such ports of entry is the climax of the movement toward an un-United States. Such a plan, which in effect places tariff barriers along state lines, destroys the very unity which the signers of the constitution sought to create.

Fortunately, California was one of three states that decisively rejected the port of entry plan. That rejection spared California the disaster which forced Oklahoma to repeal her port of entry law as unworkable, uneconomical and disastrous to trade.

Just 162 years ago this week, the Stars and Stripes first flew over the United States . The men who marched off to war under that flag were not fighting for an un-united conglomeration of alient states. They fought for a united nation, a nation strong in the power of its united might. The Stars and Stripes must never fly over an un-United States!

* * *

IS DEMOCRACY DOOMED?

That roar of freedom, born in the snows of Valley Forge, and carried to a crescendo by the sweat and blood of three revolutions—will it dwindle soon to a feeble whisper? That flight of thought which pictured a world perfected by the triumph of the rights of man—will it crash into ruins in the glare of modern realities? Is democracy doomed?

In London, the leaders of a great democracy fumble at the reins as the face-slapping words of Hitler sound across the Rhine: "We know the British are too afraid and cowardly to live up to their promises."

In Paris, the representatives of France twist their fingers in hopeless Gallic gestures as their lips part in shouts to keep their courage up.

In Rome and Berlin, laughter dimly cloaks the gibes of those who plan to sink the battle-scarred rights of liberty with the shells of dictatorship, who hope to bury the flags of freedom beneath the hate of war, who snicker at democracy as a cloak for fools and cowards.

In America stand 130 million people, 130 million men, women, and children dedicated to the proposition that a government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth. A nation uninterested in alien entaglements, but ready to protect its own democracy from troubles by day or thieves by night.

Is democracy doomed? Not for America so long as 130 million men and women are ready to lift their voices to the heavens each day in the shout, "It shall not perish from the land!"

* * *

METEORS FROM MARS

One day last week the people of the northwest were startled by a crashing explosion overhead as a molten meteor, earth-bound, exploded in the sky, rattling windows and creating momentary panic on the earth below. But man actually has little to fear from the meteors that flash acros sthe heavens, for few meteors survive their self-created cataclysms. Mostly, they explode in mid-air as a result of the friction of their headlong plunge toward the earth.

Meteors from Mars—the thunderbolts loosed by 16-inch guns and tri-motored bombers—are the real threats to this world's peace and security. And the meteors of war are not nature's implements of destruction; they are man-made. Man is still his own worst enemy, as he has been since the dawn of civilization.

A BATTLE OF THE AGES

There's a battle of the ages in the making as age lines up against youth in the race to grab first share of the national income. In November, California will vote on a plan to give increased benefits to the aged. In their annual convention last week in San Francisco, the nation's educators voiced an insistent demand for more millions for youth.

Who shall enjoy the cream of the national income, youth or age? It has been a basic tenant of the American way that nothing is too good for youth. Since the Pilgrim fathers first hewed the logs for a one-room school on the shores of Plymouth bay, educating of the young has had first call on the pocket-books of America, in lean years and good.

But of late the demands of age have risen to an insistent shout. Utopian dreams have given way to Epic plans, and Epic plans to pension proposals. Now California is called upon to sponsor the newest plan of all, a house-of-warrants to shelter the aged.

Already the demands of age have had their reaction on the needs of youth. New York, faced by an unjrecedented old-age pension, has been forced to curtail classes, disband kindergartens, and end evening schools. Other states have shortened the school year, slashed salaries, closed schools.

Who shall enjoy the cream of the national income? Blessed with all the bounty of nature, equipped with the genius and talent to use that nature to our best interest, there is no reason why America cannot produce enough for all—young and old. That we can never do, however, as long as the minds of America's young bodies and old heads are turned, not toward what we can produce, but what we can spend. It's eyes to the front—if age and youth are to have the bountiful plenty they demand and need.

* * *

A CHILD OF DIVORCE

"You could have helped! Now it's too late!" Standing before a Chicago judge are a man and a woman. At their side is their daughter, a curly-headed child of 16. What had that father and mother done to deserve such condemnation? Let them speak for themselves.

The mother: "Shirley is boy crazy and won't mind. I don't want her. Let her father take her and do something with her."

The father: "It'll break up my new home. Let her mother keep her."

Shipwrecked on the rocks of her parents' divorce and re-marriage, Shirley Boese has known the heartache of being unwanted, unloved. Perhaps she has not been the most dutiful of children. Yet her errors of omission will hardly stand beside those her parents committed when they denied the natural duties of fatherhood and motherhood.

With no place for her in the heart or home of either of her parents, Shirley has been placed in a Chicago institution. Her plight is the plight of all children stranded on the sands of divorce. It is a challenge to the parents of America, a challenge that must not go unanswered if we ourselves are to silence the cry: "You could have helped. Now it's too late."

* * *

THE "IN" OF INTELLIGENCE

The scientists are at it again! With the smoke of their battle over a siesta for science hardly cleared from the field, they've swung their verbal cannon into action over—of all things—the "in" of intelligence.

The field of strife was the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Stanford university. The principal antagonists: Professor Lewis M. Terman of Stanford, who insists that intelligence is inherited, and Dr. George D. Stoddard of Iowa, who insists that it can be acquired through environment.

Just how does intelligence get into a child? Both sides marshalled facts and figures to prove their contentions. But neither side could explain the mysteries of humanity, how it happens an Abe Lincoln is born in a frontier family, while four generations of composers and artists can produce only the simple soul of a Siegfried Wagner.

There's at least one pleasant side to the fact that intelligence seems to remain a mystery. For the present, at least, we can go on thinking of young Junior as a future president of the United States.

* * *

SPANKLESS KIDS

When the younger generation gets around to digesting one item in the week's news, we predict a general exodus toward Germany. It is now illegal, the Nazis have ruled, to spank a child while it is wearing the uniform of a Hitler youth organization. The reason: it shows disrespect for the uniform.

Lest the kids be in too much of a rush to head for the spank-less paradise, here are a few other rules for German youth: Every youth must work all summer on farms or in kitchens! Every youth must think as the state demands! Every youth must die for the fatherland if Hitler demands it!

CALIFORNIA SPEAKS!

Significant Statements By Interesting Californians

BENNY GOODMAN, swing master, getting first look at the gigantic, majestic aircraft carrier Lexington—"Gee! What a place for a jitterbug contest!"

IRVING MARTIN, publisher of Stockton Record—"Yes, we have a 'dictator' in Sacramento. Having been beaten at practically every turn in the legislature, Governor Olson announces that the fight over his revenue and public ownership program must be waged all over again at a special session decreed for early next year."

DR. RALPH WALKER, L. A., pastor of Temple Baptist church—"It is tragic ignorance when people do not recognize the unbreakable union between Democracy and religion, for Democracy cannot exist in a godless nation."

DOUGLAS "Wrong Way" CORRIGAN, announcing engagement to Miss Elizabeth Marvin, childhood sweetheart—"We're going to honeymoon in an airplane; and there'll be no wrong way flying—for any direction will be the right direction so long as she's with me."

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr.—"It is of significance to note that some of the best pictures in recent months have been based on historic incidents which, in themselves, serve to emphasize the merits of democracy."

JAMES ROOSEVELT, in S. F., asked whether the President will run for a third term—"That isn't a matter to be settled in family conclave. Everything is strictly up to father."

DIXON GAYER, Treasure Island chair pusher, after wheeling Movie Star George Brent—"He's a swell guy! Terrific! What a man! How do I know? Say, he tipped me twenty bucks!"

Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Baugh and children left Saturday for their ranch near Wonder, Ore., and other points farther north. Mr. Baugh will return at the close of his vacation but the others will stay for most of the summer.

Dr. Jackson says

"Don't be concerned about how little cash you can afford to pay me, I promise you the best work it is within my ability to render."

● ● ●

Like some magic touch of nature.

LUCITONE OR VERNONITE

PLATES

Have that feature all people prize above everything else.

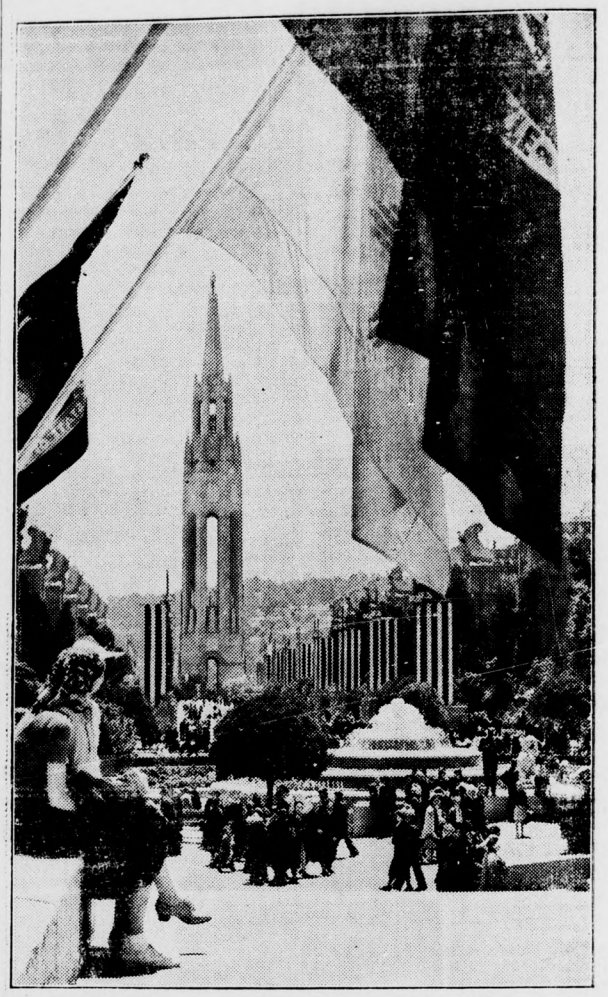
LIFE

This plus a FIT that will allow you to EAT, TALK and SMILE in COMFORT is my aim.

DR. JAY JACKSON
The Working Man's Dentist
85 South First Street
San Jose
Ballard 1103

EASY CREDIT
LIBERAL TERMS

Treasure Isle Vista



This striking scene greets the eye of the California World's Fair visitor from the entrance to the Cavalcade of the Golden West on Treasure Island. The majestic Tower of the Sun rises at the south end of the Court of Seven Seas, bedecked with gaily-colored sails.

Campbell's infant population was increased by three last week with the arrival at the San Jose hospital on July 5, of a son, James Arthur, born to Mr. and Mrs. James E. Kidward of Rt. 1, Box 186, and on July 6 at O'Connor sanitarium of Jack Robert, born to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Robert Herman, Rt. 1, Box 694, and David Walton to Mr. and Mrs. Roger Moody Clark, Rt. 1, Box 227.

Mrs. William Fewtrell left Monday for her home in Detroit after a pleasant three months visit with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Ada Sturtevant and Mr. and Mrs. Emsley Whistler.

Mrs. L. Ben Howard is expected home from the hospital this week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph H. Hyde and Homer Hyde arrived Sunday from their vacation trip, Homer visiting in Pocatello, Idaho, while his parents went on to Galva, Ill.

Lowell Benson, Junior Hi-Y club adviser, entertained his group of boys and their young lady friends at a picnic in Alum Rock park last week.

John Benesiel of Campbell suffered facial injuries Saturday when he lost control of his car on Dry Creek road near Campbell, and it crashed into a tree. He was treated at the county hospital and released.

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Sat. Sun. 1:45 to 11:30
Week Days 6:45 to 11:30

THURS.-FRI.-SAT.—JULY 13-14-15

THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THE WORLD THAT A GOOD HEARTY LAUGH WON'T CURE!
And Here It Is!
The KID from KOKOMO
with PAT O'BRIEN · WAYNE MORRIS · JOAN BLONDELL · MAY ROBSON · JANE WYMAN
STANLEY FIELDS · MAXIE ROSENBLOOM · SIDNEY TOLER · Directed by LEWIS SEILER · Presented by WARNER BROS.

— ALSO —

TABLEWARE NITE

SUN.-MON.-TUES.—JULY 16-17-18
"TARZAN FINDS A SON"
— ALSO —
"INVITATION TO HAPPINESS"

WEDNESDAY—JULY 19
"IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD"
TOBY'S COUNTRY STORE

The FARMERS CORNER

by RALPH H. TAYLOR

Executive Secretary Agricultural Council of California

John Steinbeck's lurid novel of the Dust Bowlers, "The Grapes of Wrath," drips from the presses in a sucession of editions which amply attest the credulity of the reading public, or at least that segment of it which spends the cocktail hour daintily sipping 50-cent drinks and nibbling hors d'ouvers while dilating on "the terrible plight of the nation."

Mr. Steinbeck's book doubtless packs a tremendous wallop for "parlor pinks' and cocktail room reformists, who want life in the raw—at least in their literature.

For in spots, it is raw, indeed! It is a triumph of sensationalism over fact, with unparalleled filth and profanity to provide necessary shocks for those whose sated appetites demand that type of sustenance.

But as a story of the California migrant problem, the book is about as true to life—and facts—as the average wild west thriller is in its portrayal of life in the old west. Unreality and palpable distortion stalk the pages. California farmers are club-wielding vigilantes, who treat their horses better than their men. Shop keepers and shop clerks, bankers and their tellers, Legionnaires and newspaper publishers are all in a vicious conspiracy to deny starving men food, to turn the "Oakies" (that's the book's term, not ours) into slaves to be placed in serfdom on farms of "the great landowners." Tractors are tanks of economic warfare, crushing out the lifeblood of the unemployed migrant. And California is on the verge of a revolution—to be staged, apparently, by its relief roll recipients.

If California's "great land owners" (that's Mr. Steinbeck's term for farmers!) could separate causes from results, says the book, they might save themselves from bloody revolution. If they knew that Marx and Lenin were results, rather than causes, they would know how to cope with the migrant problem. But not knowing much about Marx and Lenin or the new ideology, they're doomed (says Mr. Steinbeck).

A few days ago, Ruth Comfort Mitchell, California novelist and wife of former Senator Sanborn Young of Los Gatos, announced that she is writing a novel showing the "farmer's side" of the migrant problem—and answering Steinbeck's book.

Any farmer who has wasted so much time as to read "Grapes of Wrath" will wish her well in that endeavor. For Steinbeck's book requires an answer. And the answer—if it is written by one in command of the facts, as Ruth Comfort Mitchell undoubtedly will be—can do a great deal toward righting a rank injustice.

The plight of many of the hundreds of thousands of nomads from other states now wandering over California is heartrending. But California farmers—and California taxpayers generally—simply cannot, financially or physically, provide for the destitute of the nation. California has tried—and has nearly bankrupted its citizenry. California's fault, in fact, is that it has been too generous, rather than too selfish, and has been rewarded for its generosity by new hordes of indigents and new demands for bigger relief payments.

The libel that California farmers "invited" the migrants to California by advertising for workers in middle-west states has been exploded too many times to require answer here. The migrants came here because other states shunted them here; because California generosity, with the first caravans of poor, invited others; because relief payments were bigger here, climate better, pension advocates more active, and because radical labor leaders wanted grist for their mills. Desperate as their condition is here, it was worse where they came from. And only the national government and their home states can solve the problem. California's resources simply won't stand the strain—and Mr. Steinbeck's attempt to blame "the great land owners" of California for a problem that California had no part in creating is either the result of gross ignorance or a deliberate attempt to fan the fires of class hatred. The "great land owners" he refers to are mostly 20 and 40 acre farmers, who are fighting desperately to pay their own bills and support their own families. For most of the farms in California are owned by farmers in that category!

Throughout Steinbeck's novel runs the familiar propaganda of the Communists—"When property accumulates in too few hands, it is taken away. When a majority of the people are hungry and cold, they will take by force what they need."

But California, Mr. Steinbeck, isn't in too few hands. It is in the hands of Californians—and Californians intend it shall remain there. And California, even to give reality to a best-seller, can't take over the job of feeding all the hungry of America. That job belongs to the nation. And it can't be solved by emotional fiction!

Central American Countries Visited By Calif. Editors.

(Continued From Last Week)

Resuming the automobile tour, the drivers of the cars made more steep grades and sharp curves with their usual skill and a few hours brought the party to beautiful Lake Atitlan which was crossed in a fine launch. After lunch at the resort on the lake the editors journeyed up and down the mountain slopes and finally arrived at Guatemala. After a night at the Palace hotel they took the train down the mountain slope and in eight hours found themselves at Puerto Barrios and at sea level. They boarded the steamer "Santa Marta" of the Great White Fleet and during the night proceeded to Puerto Cortez in the Central American republic of Honduras. While the ship was being loaded with bananas, courteous United Fruit officials took the group by a special train through the tropical jungles and the great banana plantations for more than a hundred miles. Stops were made so that they could see the bananas cut, loaded on mules, carried to rail cars and thence to the ship.

At one point a number of monkeys in their natural state were seen disporting themselves in the tree tops. In order that the monkeys might see some real California editors, the train stopped and the party got out to form the acquaintance of their prehistoric ancestors. The monkeys did not take kindly to the peaceful endeavors but shrieked with rage and hopped from one tree limb to another. Many other monkeys concealed in the jungle expressed their disgust at their human progeny by barking and howling. It was a disgusting day for monkeys but the editors enjoyed it immensely.

A fine lunch was served at the United Fruit company's well equipped headquarters at La Lima and then the party returned via the great banana fields and natural jungles to the ship. During the night the ship steamed out bound for New Orleans. Thanks to the skill of Captain McBride the party arrived in abundant time to be examined by the U. S. health officers, to have their effects inspected by custom officials and to have ample time to board the special cars on the Southern Pacific's Sunset Limited. The cars were air-conditioned and dust proof and the meals were the best of the many good meals had on the trip. Fred S. Howard of the S. P. accompanied them on the going trip and under his magic touch every courtesy of the railroad was extended.

During the fifteen days in Guatemala and on the sea, practically no news was received from their native land and the jarred nerves received surcease from the war scares of foreign lands. Guatemala and Honduras receive most of their radio news from Spanish speaking countries and Europe. American advertising programs are not in favor.

The last day on the return trip, a meeting was held in the social hall on the "Santa Marta." Louis Meyer, the treasurer, reported a sizeable balance in the treasury showing the association in flourishing financial condition. He was commended for his vigilance in protecting the funds.

Friend W. Richardson was re-elected president for the thirty-eighth time having been first elected at the Grand Canyon of Arizona on May 14, 1902. He was commended for his painstaking care and skill in handling the excursions. Justus F. Craemer was re-elected vice president as were Louis Meyer, treasurer and Harry Lutgens, secretary. The ten members of the executive committee were continued.

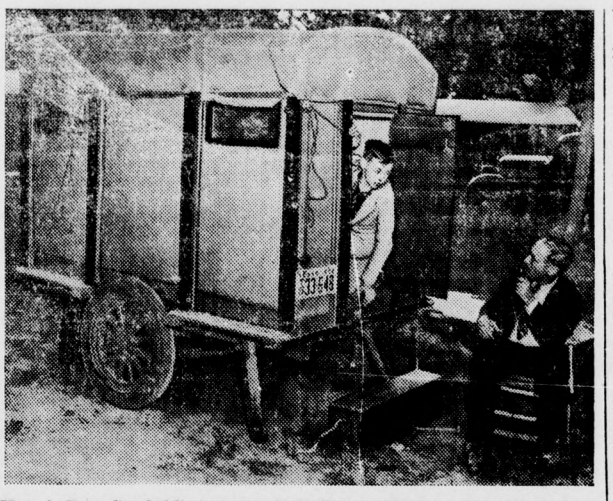
All were glad to be back in California and see the smiling faces of friends who greeted them at Los Angeles and Oakland.

The Saga of a Home-Made Trailer; Texas to the New York World's Fair

A Texas journalist built himself a trailer, loaded in his wife and 11-year-old son and started on a 2,000 mile trek for the New York World's Fair with $50.00 in his pockets. His experiences are recounted in the following story:

By TOM CAUFIELD

(who covers police, fire alarms, boll weevils and all news in and about the Brazos Bottoms of Central Texas for the Waco Times-Herald).



Here is Tom Caufield's homemade trailer in which he, his wife and son traveled all the way from Waco, Tex., to see New York World's Fair.

WORLD'S FAIR, New York—Frances and the eleven-year-old and I have seen the Fair and all the folks back in Waco told us it couldn't be done on the Caufield bankroll. The speedometer on Ancient History II reads 2,000 miles from Fifth and Austin; the wallet is out $50, and we've got $10 left. I've just wired the boss for the $25 he promised me to get home on, and if the chewing gum and bailing wire on the trailer and jaloppy don't relax their holds during the homeward 2,000 miles, we shall have made the whole junket on $85.

We spent a little over $1.50 each per day on the Fair itself, counting admission at the gates. Thomas, the eleven-year-old and Frances, the woman who tells me how to drive, and I walked and walked and looked and stared, finally becoming convinced that the best parts of the Fair are free. We could while away two weeks here looking at the free shows, and never repeat and never suffer from what the slick paper writers call ennui. We are leaving only because a wolf is howling at a door bearing the coat of arms of a certain small town newspaperman in Texas.

Nothing Like the Brazos

We stood and gulped when we saw the illumination at the lagoon of nations last night. Nothing like that along the Brazos, nor anywhere else.

A lightning bolt hit a telephone post as our car-trailer combination passed it on the road to Knoxville, coming up. It smashed the post, splattered our car with splinters, made an outrageous noise, scared us stiff. We saw it all over again, free, at the General Electric show here. They made 10 million volts for us—BANG! and we thought we were back on the Tennessee highway in the storm.

We fought good roads and bad coming up. General Motors showed us all good in a panorama that 27,000 people a day look at. GM parked us in upholstered chairs, started a public address explanation from the chair arms, and showed us the highway system of 1960.

If it hadn't been for that roads system display, we might have thought, in the aviation building, that man was fixing to leave the ground for good; but GM gave us hope for the highways. We could hardly get the boy away from the aviation display. Instead of wanting to ride on the carnival gadgets, he wanted to go back and look at the model wind tunnels, the cross section of the Yankee clipper, and things like that.

Need for Adjectives

We heard the Voder. That's a contraption we had read about, a sort of talking typewriter. Pretty girl punches keys and make a combination of hisses and grunts that sounds like Charlie McCarthy at his worst, but is understandable.

I never was much on adjectives. The one adjective needed around here is "marvelous." Give me enough synonyms for that, insert them as needed, and that's the Fair.

There's a moving mural in the Ford building. Pistons, cogs, things like that fixed in the wall, all moving. Time for one of the synonyms. In the same building, walls hung all round with a one-piece yellow curtain made of spun and woven glass.

More free stuff; the City of Light, with 100,000 individual bulbs; the Forward March of America, showing how lighting has changed. They've got a fountain running over the exit of that building, and when I lost Frances and Thomas, by getting mixed up on a rendezvous, they waited an hour for me there, perfectly satisfied, while the fountain splashed outside.

They've got a real ship parked in a pond by the New England building. They've got life-sized toy monkeys climbing trees in a toy exhibit and real monkeys climbing on a rock inside the Frank Buck enclosure. The rock is higher than the bamboo walls, so you can see the monkeys without going in.

Escalators and Ramps

About transportation; this fair is great on saving shoe leather. It has to be, it is so big that unless there were a lot of escalators and moving belts the cobblers would have a field day at every exit. You go up into the Perisphere on an escalator, and ride around it on a moving belt; and there's the moving belt at the GM building. Everywhere you find ramps instead of steps, and the ramps are exactly calculated to ease your legs as you go up or down. Streets and walks are asphalt, and the buildings generally have rubber composition flooring. And if you want to ride, it costs a dime for a bus from any point on the grounds to any other point.

If your feet do get tired (and they oughtn't to often if you've got the right kind of shoes, which is important, especially to the women) you can stop in at any of the first aid stations and get a free foot treatment to ease them.

Now for the Tariff

Let's count the cost, after you get to New York. Figure you're in a trailer—that's $1 to get over the George Washington Bridge, which is the best way for a trailer; 75 cents a night at the trailer camp; a few cents for milk and whatever other groceries you need for eating at the camp; 25 cents toll over Whitestone Bridge for your car (leave the trailer at camp) and 25 cents toll back again (or ride a bus, fare ten cents each); 50 cents to park in the parking grounds at the Fair; 75 cents admission for adults, 25 cents for children; 25 cents each for the Perisphere, which is a must because it is the Fair's symbol; 10 cents for the Town of Tomorrow, which also ought to be a must for any householder, and gas and oil.

We ate dinner at one of many restaurants in the Fair grounds. My wife had chicken and mushrooms with coffee for 60 cents. I ate a salisbury steak with coffee for 60 cents, and lamb chops for the boy cost 75 cents. For lunch we had hamburgers and pie, which ran us 20 cents each. It costs a nickel for pop or root beer at any of a dozen stands. We got to the Fair for lunch one day and had dinner there that night. We had breakfast in camp next day, lunch at the Fair and pulled out late that afternoon for home.

Seeing New York

You can see something of New York while you're at the Fair, for the mere cost of gasoline. The night we arrived, we took a 50-mile drive across town, along the Hendrik Hudson Parkway and back from the Battery up Broadway to Times Square, then back to camp. We had a volunteer guide—one of the officials at the camp.

The policemen go out of their way to help a visitor. One of them talked to us for a half hour about things in general while we waited for an open-top bus next morning for a sightseeing trip in Manhattan. In fact, any New Yorker goes out of his way to help a Fair visitor.

We felt so much at home that when we parked our car to catch a bus to the Fair on our first day's visit, we forgot to make a note of where we left it; just walked away from it like we would have done in our own home town. And believe it or not, we found it when we came back in the rain—with the help of some of the passengers on the bus.

Bear in mind that the cost of coming to New York depends on how you are willing to come. We had a camp trailer, slept in it, using a trailer camp once, a cabin one night during a pouring rain, using school grounds twice with the permission of rural neighbors, and parking three times at filling stations. It took us six days to get here.

That $35 is an education worth thousands, for a boy of 11, and worth plenty more for his father and mother.—*Reprinted from the New York Herald-Tribune.*

CHURCHES

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCHES

"Life" will be the subject of the lesson-sermon Sunday, July 16, in all Churches of Christ, Scientist.

The Golden Text will be: "Seek good, and not evil, that ye may live: and so the Lord, the God of hosts, shall be with you, as ye have spoken" (Amos 5: 14). Other Bible quotations, and readings from the Christian Science textbook will be included in the service.

CAMPBELL PENTECOSTAL MISSION
Assembly of God - IOOF Hall

SERVICES

Sunday, Bible school at 9:45 a. m. Morning worship at 11:00 a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m.

Midweek, Young People's service, Wednesday evening at 7:30. Bible study, Friday evening at 7:30.

Strangers always welcome.

Z. P. Miller and wife, pastors.
Residence—36 Fourth street.

CONGREGATIONAL METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH NOTICES

Union Services of the Congregational and Methodist churches will be held on July 16 and 23 in the Congregational church. The Rev. J. H. Bennett will preach on both occasions. On the return of the Rev. John Brunswick worship will be in the Methodist church for two Sundays, with Reverend Brunswick conducting.

This Sunday night there will be a youth rally of the young people of both churches. This week the rally will be in the Congregational church, whose young people will act as hosts to the Methodist youth. The program will commence at 6:30 p. m. and will be followed by a social time, including games and refreshments. All young people in town are invited.

Yes, and in Your Attic Too! Turn Those Things You Don't Want Into Money with a Want Ad

WILLOW GLEN THEATRE

Fri. & Sat.
A. Faye-C. Bennett in
TAIL SPIN
Zane Grey's
The Mysterious Rider
Fri. Nite—Vic's Country Store

Sun., Mon., Tues.
Irene Dunne-Charles Boyer in
LOVE AFFAIR
Charles Ruggles in
His Exciting Night

Wed. and Thurs.
Florence Rice-Una Merkel in
Four Girls in White
Rochelle Hudson in
Pirates Of The Sky

Matinee Daily Except Monday
Adults 15c

Mrs. Helen Hoffman and sons, Billie and Leroy of Lodi, are house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Stirm of South Second street, coming down Friday for a ten day visit.

Among enrollees taking advantage of the training and recreation afforded by the training camp

Archie Keesling is doing the construction work on a five-room house on Winchester road near Latimer avenue.

Planet Shrouded in Fog

The planet Venus is continuously shrouded in fog

for citizens near Monterey is William Adamson of Hamilton avenue.

CAMPBELL LUMBER COMPANY
LUMBER AND MILL WORK
BUILDING and ROOFING MATERIAL
Telephone Campbell 113

FIELD'S STORE
THURS., FRI. & SAT. SPECIALS

Crisco, 1-lb. 19c; 3-lbs.	53c
Camay Soap, 3 bars	17c
French's Bird Seed, 10-oz. pkg.	12c
Morning Milk, tall cans, 4 for	23c
Crushed Pineapple, No. 10 size	65c
Jell-o Freezing Mix, liquid, 2 for	15c
Metal Polish, pt. 25c; ½ pt.	15c
Payne Large Walnuts, lb.	25c
Blue Diamond Almonds, lb.	20c
Kraft Dinners	15c
Full Line of Fruit Jars and Fittings	
Chipso, lge.	23c
Old Dutch Cleanser, 3 cans	20c
Wesson Oil, pt. 22c; qt.	40c
Briardale Red Salmon, No. 1's	24c
Wheaties, 2 for	23c
N. B. C. Ritz Crackers, 1-lb.	22c

FIELD'S STORE
PHONE 127 SERVICE and DEPENDABILITY

Fun for the Whole Family

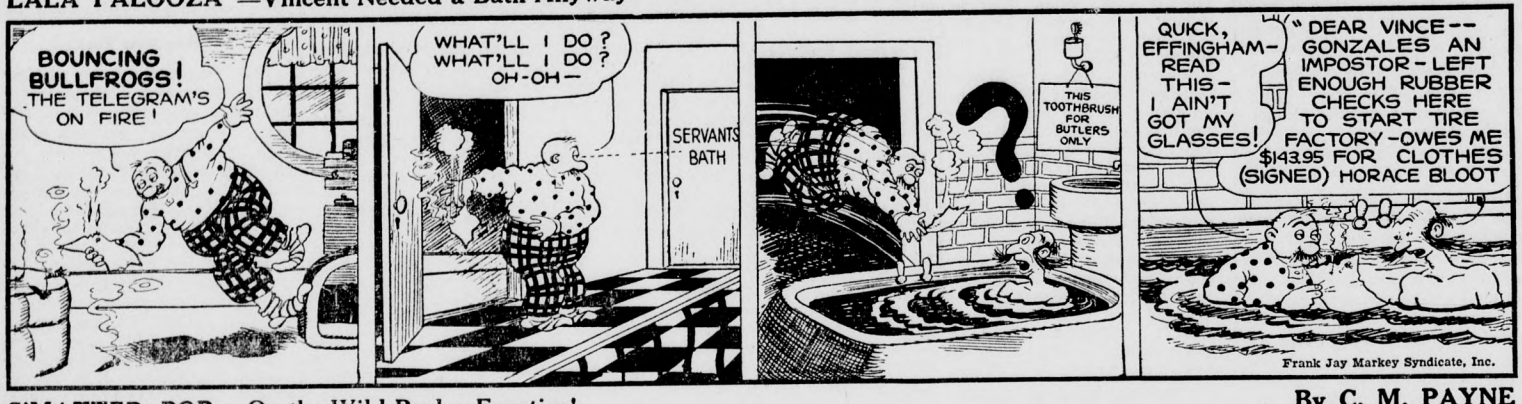
BIG TOP

By ED WHEELAN

WHILE MYRA WAS READING HAL'S LETTER, "BUTCH" AND "FLIP" WERE MAKING UP IN "CLOWN ALLEY"
WONDER WHAT THEY DECIDED TO DO ABOUT ALTA LAST NIGHT, "FLIP" ?!!
I DON'T KNOW, I DIDN'T SEE MYRA THIS MORNIN'!
THE SHOW WILL CERTAINLY BE A LOSER IF THAT BIG "BULL" GOES !!
YEH, I'D RATHER SEE THE OLD MAN DROP "SILK" AN' GET A NEW EQUESTRIAN DIRECTOR !!
BUT "SILK" KNOWS HIS BUSINESS, "FLIP" !!
SURE HE DOES, BUT HE TRIES TO KNOW EVERYONE ELSE'S BUSINESS, TOO !! I DON'T TRUST THAT GUY, "BUTCH" !!
Frank Jay Markey Syndicate, Inc.
ED WHEELAN

LALA PALOOZA —Vincent Needed a Bath Anyway

By RUBE GOLDBERG


BOUNCING BULLFROGS! THE TELEGRAM'S ON FIRE!
WHAT'LL I DO? WHAT'LL I DO? OH-OH—
SERVANTS BATH
THIS TOOTHBRUSH FOR BUTLERS ONLY
QUICK, EFFINGHAM— READ THIS— I AIN'T GOT MY GLASSES!
"DEAR VINCE— GONZALES AN IMPOSTOR— LEFT ENOUGH RUBBER CHECKS HERE TO START TIRE FACTORY— OWES ME $143.95 FOR CLOTHES (SIGNED) HORACE BLOOT
Frank Jay Markey Syndicate, Inc.

S'MATTER POP— On the Wild Parlor Frontier!

By C. M. PAYNE

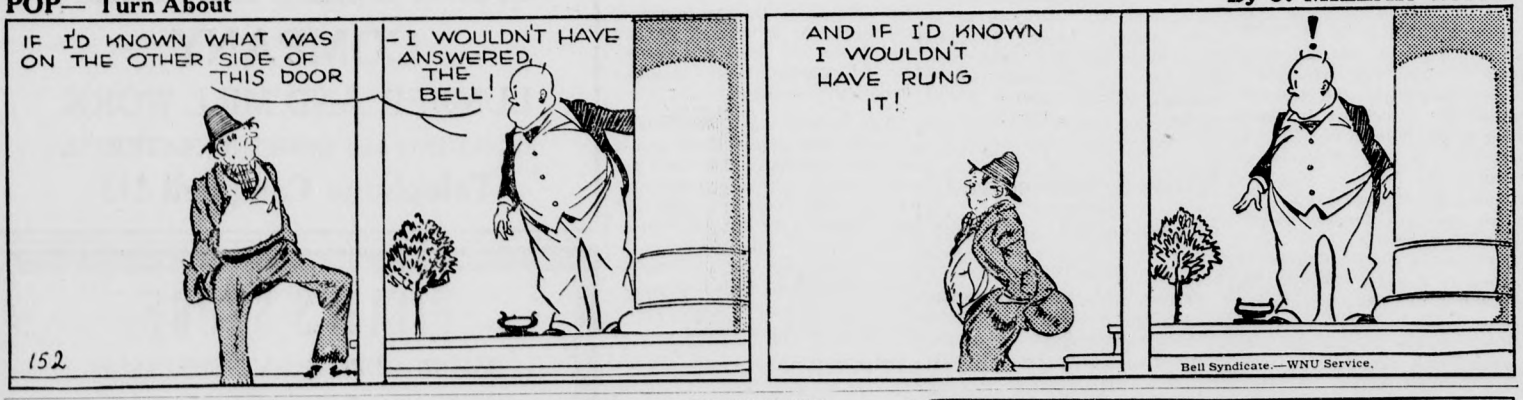
MESCAL IKE By S. L. HUNTLEY

Every Year at This Time

LAY-DEE-O, LAY-DEE-HO! HIC! KER-CHOO! HIC! KER-CHOO! HIC!
MULEY BATES SHOULD ORTA LEAVE THET DANDELION WINE ALONE— HE KNOWS WHAT HIT DOES TO HIS HAY FEVER!

POP— Turn About

By J. MILLAR WATT


IF I'D KNOWN WHAT WAS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS DOOR
—I WOULDN'T HAVE ANSWERED THE BELL!
152
AND IF I'D KNOWN I WOULDN'T HAVE RUNG IT!
!
Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Cheerful News

CHILD FALLS FROM THIRD STORY WINDOW
AUTOS CRASH HEAD-ON EIGHT INJURED
TOWN LEVELED BY TORNADO
THOUSANDS DIE IN AIR RAID
FIVE FATALITIES IN HOTEL FIRE
THREE INJURED WHEN LIGHTNING STRIKES TREE
MR. WILL STONE HAS BEEN PROMOTED TO MANAGER OF THE WESTERN BRANCH STORES
(WNU SERVICE)

WRONG HOUSE

Book Agent—Is your mother at home?

Small Boy (swinging on gate)—Yes, sir.

Book Agent (after knocking a dozen times)—I thought you said your mother was at home.

Small Boy—She is too, but we don't live in this house.

And There's a Difference

He—What do you think of women in politics?

She—Embarrassing. You can't be sure whether a bashful man is going to propose to you or merely ask you for a vote.

At the Dance

She—I simply adore that funny step. Where did you pick it up?

He—Funny step, nothing! I'm losing my garter.

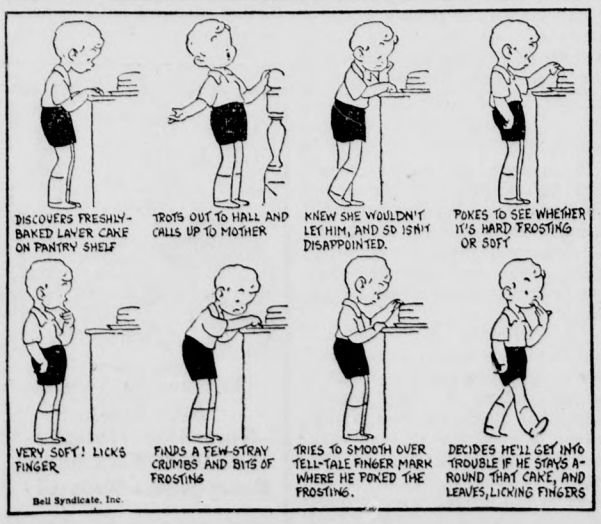
Soon Over

She—Major, did you get that scar during an engagement?

Major—No—the first week of my honeymoon.—Stray Stories.

LAYER CAKE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS


DISCOVERS FRESHLY-BAKED LAYER CAKE ON PANTRY SHELF
TROTS OUT TO HALL AND CALLS UP TO MOTHER
KNEW SHE WOULDN'T LET HIM, AND SO ISN'T DISAPPOINTED.
POKES TO SEE WHETHER IT'S HARD FROSTING OR SOFT
VERY SOFT! LICKS FINGER
FINDS A FEW STRAY CRUMBS AND BITS OF FROSTING
TRIES TO SMOOTH OVER TELL-TALE FINGER MARK WHERE HE POKED THE FROSTING.
DECIDES HE'LL GET INTO TROUBLE IF HE STAYS AROUND THAT CAKE, AND LEAVES, LICKING FINGERS
Bell Syndicate, Inc.

IF YOU FEED

—dairy or range cattle, chickens, turkeys, or horses, you should be using El Dorado Coconut Meal. It contains valuable proteins and is an inexpensive source of them. Use it as a supplement the year 'round!

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EL DORADO COCONUT MEAL
(20% protein)
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(30-31% protein)

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"enjoy more of the better things in life . . . have financial independence in a business of your own? Beauty culture offers you all these things if you are properly trained. This National Honor Emblem School has already trained thousands of young women now holding responsible, well-paid positions. Classes now forming. Study in San Francisco during the World's Fair. Write NOW—for FREE Folder. DEPT. A.

DON LUX ACADEMY
948 Market St., San Francisco

Duty Nearby

The path of duty is near at hand; men seek it in what is remote.—Japanese.

COUNT THE EXTRA SMOKES IN CAMELS

By burning 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them—CAMELS give smokers the equivalent of

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK

TODAY'S big news in cigarettes means *real smoking pleasure* and *more* of it for SMOKERS! Read the results of scientific laboratory tests on 16 of the largest-selling brands:

1 CAMELS were found to contain MORE TOBACCO BY WEIGHT than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 CAMELS BURNED *SLOWER* THAN ANY OTHER BRAND TESTED — 25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE TIME OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

3 In the same tests, CAMELS HELD THEIR ASH FAR *LONGER* than the average for the other brands.

Camels smoke cooler! *Costlier tobaccos,* delicate in taste and fragrance. That's smoking pleasure at its best, Camel's added bonus. America likes a *shrewd buy*...America favors Camels!

CAMELS
COSTLIER TOBACCOS
PENNY FOR PENNY YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

Bruckart's Washington Digest

Mixed Reaction Created by Huge Money Lending Program

Some Legislators Shout Halleluiahs, Others Are Bitter In Opposition to What They See as Another Gigantic Flop; Government Credit Menaced!

By WILLIAM BRUCKART
WNU Service, National Press Bldg., Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON.—President Roosevelt has asked congress for approval of another gigantic money lending program. He wants to put out $3,860,000,000 as a "stimulant to business." He wants to start right away and he wants to keep the money pouring into sinkholes through the summer and fall and winter and spring and next summer, too.

The President is not proposing government spending, as distinguished from government lending. That is important. While it has been shown by the experiences of the last half dozen years that this spending idea is just as successful as trying to pull one's self up by one's boot straps, those who favor the lending program say this method of bringing about recovery has not yet been fully tested. The brilliant-minded, self-appointed saviors of America, therefore, are out to prove that government cash can end a depression.

Arrival of the President's letter at the Capitol created quite a mixed reaction. Some members shouted their halleluiahs of more manna for the spawning ground for votes. Others expressed approval of parts of the gigantic outpouring of cash and objected to other items of the program. The third group on capitol hill at once voiced their wholehearted opposition to the scheme, offering several reasons why they could not support the President.

Nearly everything that is done in the national government is tinged with or steeped in politics. So the political phases immediately were stressed by the opponents of the program, and they are putting more steam behind their attacks as the days go by. Some of these members are objecting to further outlays by the government because they fear that government credit is about to crack any way, and they predict the newest presidential plan will seriously endanger the government's financial stability. The other group of oppositionists take a brutal position.

Say Roosevelt Is Paving Way for His Renomination

They say Mr. Roosevelt is proposing this new lending program now in order to pave the way for his renomination to a third term in the White House. I expect that we will hear more of this aspect of the situation as the debate develops on the floors of the house and senate.

There is every reason to believe that the President will obtain approval for most of his program. He may not get it all, but when it comes to getting a legislative program through congress, nothing equals the distribution of money as bait.

Thus, it appears to me that we can treat the proposition from the standpoint of what will come from the program in the way of beneficial results, if any, and to find, if possible, what the long range effect will be.

First, let me recall that during the administration of Herbert Hoover, when the present depression first fastened its fangs on our economic structure, there was the first major outpouring of government funds. The Hoover thought was to stimulate business by lending money and by spending for public construction. It was Mr. Hoover, too, who sponsored "self-liquidating projects" for which federal cash would be loaned—the idea being that a self-liquidating project would earn enough money to pay off the government loan. That was the way the reconstruction finance corporation came into being, and that was the greatest mistake of the early days of the world depression insofar as our nation is concerned.

Well, the Hoover administration promoted loans for self-liquidating projects in a big way. As a stimulant of business, the plan was a magnificent flop. The current program, being modeled exactly as Herbert Hoover designed the first one, also will be a glorious flop. There is, as a matter of fact, not one bit of difference between the new Roosevelt program and the futile move in the Hoover day.

Few Have Confidence in Policies of Government

Whether this government lending idea is sponsored by Republicans or Democrats, by Communists or Fascists, the result is bound to be the same as far as accomplishing anything toward business revival. By its very nature, government lending creates a doubt in the minds of every one whether they recognize it just that way or not. The feeling that most every one gets is manifest in the form of a question: well, where are we headed when conditions are so bad that the United States treasury has to supply money upon which business operates? Which, to my way of thinking, is simply saying that few, if any, persons have confidence in the policies of their government. It was distinctly true in the Hoover administration, and I think it is equally true in the Roosevelt administration.

But I want to go deeper into this problem. There is something more that we ought to think about, and it makes me shudder to talk about the possibilities inher t in moves of this kind by a democracy.

Mr. Roosevelt says that, without a doubt, all of this money that he proposes to lend will be paid back. He said in his message on the subject that there would be no loans approved unless there was assurance that the sums would be repaid. Which is all very well and good. But experience of banking institutions and other lending agencies indicates that a certain per cent of the loans go bad. Poor management, unforeseen business conditions, deaths of key figures, labor disturbances, changes in the taste of the buying public for certain marketable products—all of these things, as well as the responsibility of the borrowers, go to determine whether the money will be paid back. And so it does not seem unreasonable to suppose that Mr. Roosevelt is a bit, a teeny, weeny bit, optimistic about recovering all of the funds that are loaned.

Personal Political Element Is the Most Disturbing

If we can dismiss the doubt, however, there yet remains the factor, the potentiality, of the program that makes me jittery. Frankly, it is the personal political element that disturbs me most.

Let me illustrate. When Senator Norris, of Nebraska, began fighting a number of years ago for what turned out to be the TVA, he and all other sponsors of that socialistic government-owned power project shouted denials all over the place when it was charged they intended to put the government deeper into the field of private business. All they wanted to do, they insisted, was to develop a government power plant that would serve to measure profits of private companies. They argued that this experiment would show the power companies were taking too much profit out of the hides of consumers of electricity. They said that if this were not true, the TVA would be a blessing to private ownership.

What happened? The answer is pretty well known. TVA began competing with private companies wherever it could get in the field against them. Its means of entering some of the fields of competition were of the rottenest type.

On top of that came the operations of Secretary Ickes, and his public works administration. Mr. Ickes wanted to see more and better publicly owned power plants. He tried, and is still trying, to make power plants grow where power plants never grew before—all from money loaned by the government. Throughout the nation, therefore, are scores of power plants, small as well as large, that were forced to sell out to the competing plant, financed by Uncle Sam, and the investors got what the little boy shot at. TVA, itself, has driven flocks of them out of the field and has negotiated to buy one of the great privately owned systems that could not sell in competition with the government octopus which has no taxes to pay and borrows money on government-backed bonds.

Officials Say Thought Is To Help Private Business

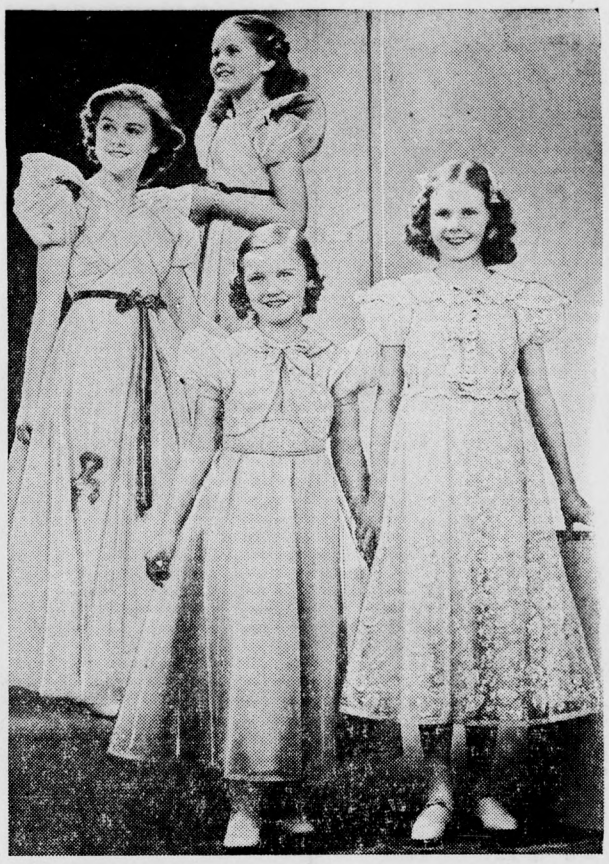
It is only fair to report that the top officials in the government say there is no intention to use these funds as was done through the Public Works administration. There is, they say, no thought of discouraging private business; the thought is to help private business. But it is pointed out, meanwhile, that the funds which are planned to be used in this program will be under the control of half a dozen different agencies. Those who know the setup in the federal government recognize this fact as important. It means this: Every agency of the federal government always has sought and always will seek to perpetuate itself, to expand its power and its functions. Give it a hundred millions or so to play with; and then express any doubt, if you can, that its officials will overlook any spot where they can boost their own importance. Truly, that would be too much to expect.

Then, give consideration to the fact that the current lending proposal contemplates expanding the original Hoover-initiated program into fields of loaning not hitherto occupied by a government agency. Self-liquidating highways, toll bridges, purchase of railway equipment, construction of more electric lines, to name only a few, are fields where the sloven hand of governmental bureaucracy will retard and handicap private initiative. Apparently, the dear people are going to be given a great many things to use whether they need them or not and whether they want them or not.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Look Pretty as a Picture in Frocks of Dainty Silk Sheer

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



SO LITTLE MISSY and Miss Sweet Sixteen are dated up for just one party after another this summer? Hearts set all a flutter as to delectable gowns that will make young moderns look pretty as a picture? Which leads up to the why and wherefore of the accompanying illustration. This group of adorable party frocks conveys an all-important style message in regard to summertime party frocks, namely that of the supremacy of fine silken sheer fabrics in the mode.

The weaves in the category of silk sheers that are favored most include silk organdies in white or pastels, marquisettes, mousseline de soies, also either soft or starched silk chiffons, frothy white silk tulles, silk nets and of course the loveliness of silk laces is not ignored. Not a sheer in the above mentioned list but that works like magic in accenting the endearing young charms of party-going young daughters this season.

The outstanding characteristic of the new sheer frocks is a quaintness that reminisces of Civil war fashions. To give the ultra-feminine look and the coy simplicity that present styling implies, designers are indulging freely in such fetching details as flounces, dainty ruffles, bow-knot or flower appliques, and the newest gesture is the revival of gay ribbons (supposed to change color of your ribbons to tune to your mood) run through yards and yards of beading, just like in the old-fashioned days.

The majority of party frocks look very bouffant with their wide skirts, and the most ultra models have nipped-in waistlines like heirloom daguerrotypes portray, for the trend at present is more and more to wasp waist silhouettes. The flounce that flourished in Civil war times have returned.

Sometimes just one knee-deep flounce gives added fullness about the hemline. Then again flounces are tiered one above another. The old-fashioned way of heading the flounce with lace or embroidery beading, through which colorful beading has been run, adds to the quaintness of present day styling.

In the lovely girlish frock to the left the bow-knot applique done in ribbon enhances the full skirt. The little girl in the background has her silk organdy dress similarly fashioned, thus carrying out the popular idea of sister fashions. Frocks of this type are equally lovely fashioned of either white or pastel chiffons or silk organdies.

The little girls in the foreground are charmingly gowned. The diminutive lace jacket worn, as shown centered in the picture, is enough to delight any little girl's heart.

Very prettily styled is the other little girl's dress. It is made all of lace with flutings of self lace adorning the bodice top and outlining the waistline.

A styling trend very noticeable in the smartest new gowns is that of the all-over shirred waist. The new sheers yield to this treatment very pleasingly. The shirring can be easily done by the home dressmaker, by loosening the tension of one's sewing machine and lengthening the stitch. Then when the machine stitching is done pull the top thread and even shirring will result. Thin paper placed under chiffon while stitching keeps material flat. It tears away easily.

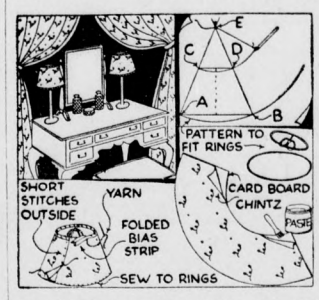
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears

"DEAR MRS. SPEARS: I have a pair of lamps for my dressing table, and I would like to use some of my curtain material to cover plain shades. Can you tell me how this is done? C. H."

Here is a method that is shown for a living room lamp in Book 1. It may be used for a shade of any size. You will need the top



and bottom rings from an old lamp shade. A cardboard foundation is cut to fit these, and the chintz or other fabric is pasted to the edge of this.

The AB line in the pattern diagram is as long as the diameter of the bottom ring. The dotted vertical line is approximately as long as the depth of the shade. The CD line is as long as the diameter of the top ring. Draw the diagonal lines to touch the ends of the AB and CD lines. Place a tack where they meet at E. Place a pencil through a loop in a string, as shown, and draw the bottom line of the shade making it as long as the measurement around the bottom ring plus a half inch. Shorten the string and draw the top to fit the top ring allowing for a half inch lap.

NOTE: Book 1—SEWING, for the Home Decorator, and No. 2, Gifts, Novelties and Embroideries, are now 15 cents each, or both books for 25 cents. Readers who have not secured their copies of these two books should send in their orders at once, as no more copies will be available, when the present stock is sold. Your choice of the QUILT LEAFLET showing 36 authentic patchwork stitches; or the RAGRUG LEAFLET, will be included with orders for both books for the present, but the offer may be withdrawn at any time. Leaflets are 6 cents each when ordered without the books.

Everyone should have copies of these two books containing 96 How to Sew articles by Mrs. Spears. Send your order at once to Mrs. Spears, 210 S. Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill.

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

Removing Finger Marks.—Sweet oil will remove finger marks from varnished furniture.

* * *

Getting Ready to Can.—Zinc covers for fruit jars should be washed, then dipped in a solution of soda, dried, and allowed to sun for several hours.

* * *

Aid to Golfers.—If the strap on your golf bag makes your shoulder sore, take a piece of old sheepskin and mount it on the strap with the wool inside.

* * *

Pink Mayonnaise.—Mayonnaise can be given a decorative pink by the addition of tomato catsup or cooked tomatoes.

* * *

Grass Stains.—To remove grass stains from flannel trousers wrap a piece of clean rag round your finger, moisten it with methylated spirit and rub the stains lightly. Keep changing the rag and finally wash the mark with clear water.

Whatever Else Might Be Said—He Was an Optimist

The fight was between two heavyweights, Puncher Smith and Killer Jones. In the first round, Puncher hit the floor hard five times, and just before the bell went down for a full count.

The winner was rushed to the mike where he said a few modest words. By this time Puncher had come to, and staggered to his feet. The announcer coaxed him to say a few words to the millions listening in.

Puncher tried to keep his knees from collapsing. He heard sounds like the chirping of thousands of birds. Then he said to the mike: "Ladies and gentlemen—this is the greatest fight of my career—and may the best man win!"

Dependable Citizens

The prosperity of a country depends, not on the abundance of its revenues, the strength of its fortifications, or the beauty of its public buildings; but it consists in the number of its cultivated citizens, in its men of education, enlightenment and character.—Luther.

Rests With Fools

Anger may glance into the wise man's breast, but only in the bosom of fools doth it rest.

16 PRINTS 25¢
Roll Developed and 16 prints 25c. 16 Reprints 25c.
REX PHOTO - - - OGDEN, UTAH

To Spend Wisely

A fool may make money, but it takes a wise man to spend it.

Lumber-Jacket Top

The lumber-jacket influence continues throughout summer fashions. So much so many of the daintiest sheer lingerie blouses are now made with belts (some worked with lace insertion and edging) that fasten over the skirt. Printed silk sheers such as pictured proclaim the new fad in this youthful lumber-jacket silhouette that has come in on the crest of the widely heralded "little girl" vogue. Note how its belt buttons over the skirt. The remarkable thing about the silk that fashions this dress is that it is the new sanitized type, treated with process that acts as a deodorant.

Flare for Rubber Flowers Growing

The idea of wearing the new rubber flowers as a corsage or boutonniere elsewhere than on the beach is gaining. These lovely flowers are too attractive to confine within a limited realm. Then, too, they are eminently practical, for soap and water will keep them fresh-looking indefinitely.

Natural colors, grace of design and true reproduction of nature marks these corsages as outstanding. Anemones in pastel colors enliven a swim suit with true artistry. Deep pink camelias are lovely to wear in an evening coiffure. Roses of realistically colored rubber and dahlias in colors true on sport jackets are ever so effective and outstanding.

Stripes Back in Fashion Picture

The cycle of fashions continues to revolve and now the indicator stops at 1915, the era of the Castle walk and, from the sartorial standpoint, of stripes.

But striped materials in the hands of the modern designer have a spicy verve wholly different from those recorded in the fashion books of almost a quarter of a century ago. One of their paramount virtues is that they are slimming. However, their chief charm is that they lend themselves to such varied and exciting adaptions.

Flowers and Snoods

A charming evening headdress, if you wear your hair long enough to use a snood, is the combination of snood and flowers.

WHY BE SATISFIED WITH ORDINARY CORN FLAKES FLAVORED THE ORDINARY WAY
?
Kellogg's Corn Flakes —America's favorite —cost less than a penny for a generous serving!
Copr. 1939 by Kellogg Company
Kellogg's CORN FLAKES
THE ORIGINAL
W. K. Kellogg
Be sure you get the original — the leader for 33 years!

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buys something more than space and circulation in the columns of this newspaper. It buys space and circulation plus the favorable consideration of our readers for this newspaper and its advertising patrons.

LET US TELL YOU MORE ABOUT IT

"Democratic Education"

State of California's educational activities are clearly explained in dramatic form in the State Department of Education exhibits in the Science building at the Golden Gate International Exposition. For the benefit of educators who visit Treasure Island printed material is available in wide variety. "Democratic Education" is theme of the exhibit, borne out by dioramas, murals, charts and showings of school art craft. Dr. Ira W. Kibby is director and Mrs. Vesta C. Muehlheisen is administrator of the exhibit, which was sponsored by the California Commission for the Exposition.

Back o' the Flats

By Crosby

Independent Order of Odd Fellows

Morning Light Lodge No. 42 meets every Thursday evening in I.O.O.F. Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings.

Walter G. Smily, N. G.
Ralph Gardner, Secretary

MASONIC NOTICE

Charity Lodge No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Calif. Stated Meetings held on the first Monday of each month

William Noethig, W. M.
T. A. Robinson, Secretary

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE OF MEETING OF THE BOARD OF EQUALIZATION OF THE CAMPBELL SANITARY DISTRICT

Notice is hereby given that the assessment book, 1939-40, together with other matters and things required by law, has been delivered to me and that the sanitary board of the Campbell Sanitary District will meet as a board of equalization to equalize assessments on Wednesday, July 19th, 1939, at seven-thirty o'clock P. M., at the office of said sanitary board, at the Campbell Water Company Building, No. 2 West Campbell Avenue in said district.

Dated July 13th, 1939.

Ross C. Trowbridge, Secty.
Campbell Sanitary Dist.

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How Women in Their 40's Can Attract Men

Here's good advice for a woman during her change (usually from 38 to 52), who fears she'll lose her appeal to men, who worries about hot flashes, loss of pep, dizzy spells, upset nerves and moody spells.

Just get more fresh air, 8 hrs. sleep and if you need a reliable "WOMAN'S" tonic take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made *especially for women*. It helps Nature build up physical resistance, thus helps give more vivacity to enjoy life and assist calming jittery nerves and those disturbing symptoms that often accompany change of life.

Pinkham's is WELL WORTH trying.

HELP STOMACH DIGEST FOOD
Without Laxatives—and You'll Eat Everything from Soup to Nuts

The stomach should digest two pounds of food daily. When you eat heavy, greasy, coarse or rich foods or when you are nervous, hurried or chew poorly—your stomach often pours out too much fluid. Your food doesn't digest and you have gas, heartburn, nausea, pain or sour stomach. You feel sour, sick and upset all over.

Doctors say never take a laxative for stomach pain. It is dangerous and foolish. It takes those little black tablets called Bell-ans for Indigestion to make the excess stomach fluids harmless, relieve distress in no time and put you back on your feet. Relief is so quick it is amazing and one 25c package proves it. Ask for Bell-ans for Indigestion.

Foreign Niche At The Fair

In the Latin-American Court on Treasure Island nations to the south of United States have provided California World's Fair visitors with all the color and romance of their respective countries. At the right are lovely senoritas of the Mexican Pavilion. At the left is the El Salvador Pavilion, featuring one of the best marimba bands in the world.

Laughing Around the World

With IRVIN S. COBB

Where Men Were Men

By IRVIN S. COBB

ACCORDING to Hap Ward it was in the old wide-open days. Into a barroom in Vancouver stalked a stranger of a formidable aspect and extensively haired-over. On a chain he was dragging a half-grown mountain lion.

The creature was evidently newly-caught. It snarled and snapped and fought with its tether. Then, finding itself inside four walls, it grew desperate and crouched and, with claws and teeth out, leaped for the throat of its owner.

The wooly man struck it in mid-air with a brawny fist, knocked

it to the floor and kicked the beast into subjection while the awed barkeeper looked on. Then advancing to the bar he called for and drank in rapid succession three large and brimming glasses of raw whiskey.

As he was downing the third drink, a huge rattlesnake protruded its venomous head from the breast pocket of his coat, with its jaws gaping and its fangs exposed.

"Git back there where you belong," ordered the stranger, dealing his deadly pet a slap with the flat of his hand. Cowed, the monster crawled back into hiding.

"Gimme about three or four more slugs of that red-eye," commanded the newcomer.

"Mister," inquired the barkeeper in a respectful tone of voice, "Where do you come frum?"

"Tombstone, Arizona," answered the other.

"Must be a tough country down there," said the barkeeper.

"Sort of. They made me leave there."

"Who made you leave there?"

"Them fellers in Tombstone. They run me and a lot of other cake-eaters out of town—claimed we was sissified."

Campfire Girls

Carol Lantz, Scribe

The Tawasi group of Camp Fire Girls picnicked one day last week at Los Gatos park. Swimming was also enjoyed. The girls attending were Elaine Jeffers, Roberta Field, Carol Lantz, Elsie Swanson, and guardian Helen Stray.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Ekstrand who are here from Honolulu for some time concluded a visit in Los Angeles and after another brief stay with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Ross of McCoy avenue, have journeyed north, planning to go into British Columbia.

C. E. York and M. F. Hughes of the Campbell Union high school faculty attended the annual agricultural teacher's conference held at San Luis Obispo. Mrs. Hughes and family accompanied them.

Leader Bob McEuen of 42 Fourth street is looking for an "angel" to supply a truck in which to transport the Model Airplane club which is planning a picnic at Alum Rock park, Saturday.

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